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# THE MANITOBAN

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SOCIETIES : SPORTS : NEWS : NOTES

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# THE MANITOBAN

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No. 3

## ARE WE CANADIANS?

(Douglas L. Durkin)

Not long ago a young man, recently from Russia, asked me the question, "Can we be Canadians here, or are we British?" Not often have I been asked a question to which I felt bound to give something in the nature of a reply. And yet, though I really labored to meet his query adequately, I confess now to a sense of the futility of my efforts. As if I were the victim of a practical joke on the part of Providence, this experience was supplemented by another wherein about fifty Sophomores writing on the subject denied even the existence of any such thing as a Canadian nation at all. And for years I had been given to calling myself Canadian and—worse luck!—boasting of it. But fifty to one represents a judgment that is overwhelming in its directness. After such a pronouncement protest cannot linger for even a moment—it dies outright. It must be conceded that we are not Canadians.

And yet, the concession having been allowed, some of us are not prepared to stop there. Why have we not developed a Canadian national spirit? Why should the "forty-ninth" and the Great Lakes divide two peoples, one almost full-grown, thoroughly alive to its own interests, conscious of itself even to boastfulness, and with a literature of its own, and the other still groping in immaturity and comparative puerility, afraid to assert itself, solicitous of the regard of others and content to allow literary hacks of the outside world to describe it as the home of little else than hungry wolves and shaggy gold-seekers that form friendships in howling blizzards or "white silences" or "eternal nights?" Anyone born and reared in this country, if he is in the least degree sensitive in his reading, must have long since grown weary of this exploiting of Canadian life to the end that new "thrillers" and "best-sellers" may stream from the presses of New York and London. We have been sold out to collectors of literary curios—and have made money for them wherever we have been exhibited. Even Gilbert Parker, once a romancer with real vigor in his work and a fair measure of sincerity, has come out with a new serial in an American magazine, a story of the Canadian West, in which the heroine, a gypsy belle and a Romany queen, is taken from her Spanish sunshine and castles and blue hills, and planted down, bag and baggage, somewhere west of Winnipeg in chill, ice-bound, primeval Canada—and survives the shock!

And yet you and I, who wonder about the absence of a national spirit that is distinctively

Canadian, pay our good money for this stuff in a modern bookstand on Portage Avenue, ride home in a modern electric trolley, seat ourselves comfortably in a modern apartment that is not heated, mark you, by a log fire built against a back-log felled into place a few minutes before, and with much the same avidity as a Yankee or a Cockney devour a story about *ourselves* that is as wonderful to us as it is to them. It is bound to be so while Canadian life is portrayed in novels that are conceived on the platform of an observation car in the few wakeful moments when the author is travelling from North Bay to Fort William or from Banff to Laggan. And just so long as we are content to take it as it comes ready-made from such writers as these, are we doomed to a life that is in no vital sense national.

But there is one other condition that makes for the development of national spirit. We are not a nation because we have never faced a crisis. The United States became a nation the day she declared her intention to live by herself. Her national life took solid root when she met the crisis which that declaration involved. It burgeoned and sprang into leaf when she faced what threatened doom in the Civil War. The break with Spain and other minor national happenings have kept it flourishing. But with the exception of the War of 1812, which was a British rather than a Canadian concern, we have faced nothing but a few frontier forays with the Indians and the misdirected raids of a handful of rattle-brained Fenians. When difficulty has arisen it has been settled for us. This is not the time, perhaps, it is certainly not the place, to open a question so serious as that of our relation to Great Britain. But no apology need be made for calling attention to the fact that the question is in the minds of serious men, both in this country and in England. Lord Rosebery, in a speech only a few days ago, announced it as his conviction that when the war was over and the spoils apportioned Great Britain would still have on her hands the largest of her problems, namely, the reorganization of the Empire. Canadians, with the exception of Armand Lavergne and his devotees, are one in their determination that the reorganization will leave us still a part of the Empire we love. But to define that part as colonial is to continue the use of a term which, thanks to Downing Street Englishmen, has fallen into disrepute. We shall play a part—but it must be imperial. It seems not improbable, then, that the

crisis will arise. Indeed it is here already in the share we are taking in the present struggle. And today the name of Canada means more to us, it means more to the Londoner and the New Yorker, than ever before. If out of the present there shall arise the greater crisis we will still be British, but we must also be Canadian.

Let us not suppose that the elements are not here already. They but await the fusing fire of

trial. There is a vigor that is always healthy, a frankness that is sometimes brusque, a sincerity that, in spirit, at any rate, demands the "fair deal." These have come to be the traditions of our life. Already, in the last twelve months, they have begun to leave the level of mere tradition and are passing upwards into a definite and conscious national spirit. It becomes our most sacred duty to foster it.

## BOSTON

(As Portrayed by J. Frank Leslie)

Ladies and Gentlemen: You will, no doubt, remember that last lecture was mainly a discussion of the All-Allness of Eternity; into which the class did not seem to enter with the proper spirit. Today, passing to a more tangible subject, I shall dispense a disquisition on Boston. If the last man to come in will kindly close the door—oh, thank you, Miss Smith!

Now.

Boston is a heterogeneous concoction, mixture and medley of too many things to put in a mere definition.

Firstly, Beans.

Consider the bean. It weeps not, neither does it sin, and Boston in all its glory was never known to want of these. Boston Baked Beans! How sweet the name, and sweeter still the taste! Nevertheless, most of them are born, bred and cultivated in California. Then they're shipped (or trained) to New England and cultured, cooked and cashed a la "Baked Beans and Hot Rolls, 10c a Dish. Not responsible for hats, coats, parcels or umbrellas unless checked by the management."

Wednesday and Saturday nights are regular bean-feed occasions in all good Bostonian households. The housewife sends an available offspring, always available near suppertime, to the corner bakery for a crock of beans. (If it weren't a trade secret, I'd tell you that they cost fifteen cents a quart). They come piping hot, or hot without the pipes; and the massacre begins. If there happens to be company the onslaught is delayed while the suffrage side of the home places the crock in a hot oven for a minute or two. This allows her to say, "Do you really like them? Yes, I cooked them myself—oh, I wouldn't say that about them, for they're usually better than this. The oven wasn't just right, and——." Its the regular thing to do; and anything that's customary in Boston is surely above reproach.

All "accelerated nourishment" palaces and "eat and run" emporiums keep the beany delight always on tap. Sad to relate, some of the Fort Garry-like hotels are not so attentive to this important detail.

In Boston they're called Baked Beans. Outside of the historic hamlet the word Boston is affixed to the label of the so-called same thing or "something just as good," but they don't even infringe on the copyrights of the original. The Boston Baked Beans of New York are dark, mysterious things with a tasteless taste and a flavorless flavor. The Pittsburgh Boston Baked Beans

are a shade worse, which makes them shadier still. There's an excuse for Pittsburgh. I forgot what it is, but heard it once. Nothing tastes like the real thing except another helping of the same. They have a little sweetness all their own (popular songwriters note that phrase), a lot of lusciousness that is no one else's, and a linger-longer-come-again taste that makes one look forward to Wednesday and Saturday nights.

Boston also has some Has-Beens. For a description of these, see the author's work entitled, "Great People Who Have Met Me," Vol. VI.

Next, Dust.

Were my first conceptions of Boston made into an emblem, the result would be a piece of noise, surrounded by a ring of dust. No one but a Futurist could make such a design, and even he might turn it into a fizz, a swoosh or a fungle. The primordial impression upon reaching the "Hub" \* and being tugged and shunted, bumped and bunted into the North station, Boston and Maine R. R. Co., proprietor, where there are altogether too many trains doing their training—its very disconcerting to one used to leaning against the dee-po and watching the passengers as No. 45 pulls in and out again—was one of dust and noise, and noise and dust.

A bright, hot September morning; a train that shuddered and moaned to rest; an unreasonable hurrying to de-coach; a squeezing through oppressive maze of human activity; and there was Boston! Above, roared and squeaked the "L" (I presume this to be a contraction of "elevated;" their right-of-way is so narrow they even have to cut down the name) trains; beneath, much traffic wobbled over pavement that was never meant to pave, and to one accustomed to the undulationless byways of Wellington Crescent and Ruskin Row, looked like a petrified storm at sea, or the Rocky Road to Dublin, as viewed by George Fitch; in between, darted and clanged pocket edition relics of street cars that the W. E. St. Ry. wouldn't impose on the Pembina Road or East Kildonan line; and everywhere—dust, noise, people, dust, worryings, scurryings, more dust, officials, policemen and other kinds of dust. It must have been hard on the officers of the law—I don't see how they slept through it all. It was dusty, hot and dusty, dry and dusty, noisy and dusty, and just plain dusty. As an impression, it was impressive. I think there's still a little reminder that many brushings have failed to remove from my coat. And all that memorable day the impression added to itself by picking up, here and there, brotherly

\* Boston calls itself the Hub. Just fawncy!



globules of dust and sisterly molecules of dirt until I longed for Home and Mother and the vacuum cleaner.

I have since decided that I struck a poor time for the picking of impressions. Not that they weren't ripe and pickable; but I didn't find the right patch. Many impressions gathered later were ones that I gladly imprinted upon memory's pages. But I still maintain that for real, genuine 99 per cent. impure and guaranteed by no food laws, dusty, dustorious and dustissime dust, Boston outdusts and dusts out them all. I have never noticed this feature properly emphasized in writings of any of the other great authors.

And where is this ubiquitous dust? Don't guess! I'll tell you. It is generally on the streets—which brings us to another subject.

Boston streets are the original vertiginators. It is supposed that they were laid out by the Indian who sold the old townsite for a bottle of fiery aqua and a Woolworth's Best diamond necklace after he had consumed most of the purchase price. Their intricacies inspired some great poet to pen those immortal lines:

"You can get lost on  
The streets in Boston."

Tremont (pronounced Trem—ont or Tree—mont) and Washington (pronounced as awful) streets are the main thoroughfares; which, to a city like Boston, are thoroughly unfair. Washington street is a canon-like stretch of congestion bombarded by department stores and theatres. Tremont street, its next door neighbor, has similar characteristics and the added advantage that one has the privilege of paying twice as much for everything as one has to on the roadway of George, the country's father. Into these runs, very audaciously, Boylston street, one of those things that thinks it's Fifth Avenue, New York, and knows it's not. This and many others form an absolutely systemless system of serpentine contortions. There is a general disuse of the word avenue. About the only place thusly named, before it could object, was Commonwealth Avenue. However, it survived and has become the finest roadway in all New England. It possess real pavement (asphalt No. 1, engineerically speaking), wide central boulevards, statues, historical points, and millionaires. What more could any avenue want?

Anyone contemplating a Boston visit should get in practice by solving a few Chinese, Hindu and "It can be done with brains; send answer and we will forward sixty-eight bottles of Codger's Cancer cure, sells like hot cakes," puzzles.

Highbrows.

Boston is famed as the home of highbrows. In spite of that fact, there are a few on hand for advertising and general utility purposes. Some of them are highbrows, indeed. The brow is very high. There seems to be nothing but brow. In an ordinary town they'd be called bald-headed.

There is also a Latin Quarter. This is not a counterfeit; it can be passed—passed and never noticed. But its there; with all the regular Latin Quarterisms, too.

Now, while we're at Boston I'd like you to take a look at the Public Library.\*

\*The reader is asked to let the imagination picture a wide, deep, massive white stone building three stories high. It fronts on three streets, and the main entrance is up impressive stone steps and through great ornamental metal doors, at the sides of which are stone lions and bronze statues of the Virtues.

There! Isn't that fine? None better! All modern improvements and sanitary plumbing. The decorations in there are originals of famous masterpieces—the explanatory cards say so. All the marble work especially designed and built. And books! There are more than 900,000 volumes, 800,000 of which have not been disturbed since Mr. Boston built his library. I have read books there printed in the 18th Century, which still had their pages unpried apart. You may wonder what I wanted with such. I'll let you wonder.

I'll now dissertate concerning the jitney busses in Boston.

There are no jitney busses in Boston.

Boston Common.

Ever since the place was organized as a city proposition it has had a Common. This is a most uncommon thing. It is a chunk of ground surrounded by Tremont Street, Boylston Street, the State House and the Public Gardens (see later) and is in the heart of this, supposedly, heartless city. Call it a park if you like; still, it isn't quite a park—we'll say Common, and let it go at that, as the Bostonians do. It is used for every purpose one could conceive such a place utilized. (That puts it succinctly). People, long out of public school and with their aversion to history reversed, have sprinkled it heavily with monuments, memorial tablets, This-is-where's, On-this-historic-spot's, graves, what-nots and et ceteras. I stopped to look over these remannts of history and fame one day. It was very interesting, or the first two or three were. After appraising about fifty I'd lost my interest and the principal was dwindling. Fortunately I quit before feeling impelled to write a book on "The Heroes of the Past." It is probable that some people scrutinize them occasionally. I have never caught anyone at it. And "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." Such is glory.

We now make mention of the Common's companion, the Public Gardens. They are a very well-groomed and behaved park, ornamented with fountains, lakelets, trees, birds, sedate branches from the limb of the law, budding romances of blooming youth and other beauties. It is a splendid place for impression gathering, but one is not allowed to pick anything else.

Squares.

In an article entitled, "Guyed to Boston," I read that every true Bostonian is proud of Copley Square. I fail to see what incites their pride. It is not a square at all; just a triangle cut from someone's front lawn. Across it one can see somewhere he wishes to go and then, noticing "Keep off the Grass" signs, has to walk a long way around to get there. The next time I meet a gentleman with the true Bostonian label I shall Socratize him on this subject.

Boston has many other squares; some of them are circular, but most are triangular; none is square. Evidently the old Puritan real estate dealers had a sense of humour. This is hard to realize. One can't conceive a real-estater being a Puritan, and its much more difficult to believe that any of those seedy old blooms from the Mayflower had latent giggulatory qualities.

No treatise on the Bay State metropolis (that's Boston) is complete without a few, tedious sentences concerning its educational advantages. As

the slogan of the Boston Art Club (from whom I do not receive any venal compensation) is, "Study it in Boston." Good advice; but, it is also possible to learn most things in the less conducive environment of Winnipeg. However——. In the citiest part of Boston are Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston University, art institutes, drama schools, and everything up to barber colleges. In the largest suburb, Cambridge, is Mr. John Harvard's old school. At Harvard (Cantabrigian pronunciation) you can ask any student where Radcliffe is. If he isn't jealous or suspicious he'll tell you that it is just up the street. From this you can correctly assume that Radcliffe is the female part of Harvard. Wellesley, Radcliffe's chief competitor, is just an aggravating trolley ride distance out of the city. There are many other knowledge dispensaries there, but these are the headliners.

#### Theatres.

Boston has many theatres where plays are sent for "runs" after New York won't put up with them or for them any longer. It also has an Opera House, one of the finest in the world, where Grand Opera is revived every winter and generally dies a sad and painful death.

#### Newspapers.

During my first day in Boston I wished to see what a real well educated newspaper looked like. So, parting with a certain copper coin of small denomination, I became the possessor of that day's *American*. Such a disappointment! It was not a highbrow production—it was browless. After a glance at much red ink and many serialized cartoons, there was nothing to see but the back page, which didn't have much readable matter either. A week or so later I discovered the real Boston newspaper, the *Transcript*. You all know the *Transcript*. No? Well, suffice it to say that it is not much like any other paper, only more so. Another periodical of distinction is the *Christian Science Monitor*, which hasn't a pint of scarlet or saffron ink in its whole press room.

And there is the subject of Christian Science! Now, don't get nervous, I'm not going to expound any religious views! Boston is Christian Science's home town. The Mother Church as it is called, is the grandest example of gorgeous and beautiful simplicity in existence. Put it on your Boston calling list.

Now class, as there is not much time left for this lecture period, I can only touch a few more of the many untampered details.

#### Accent.

Bostonians use the New England accent a great deal, horresco referens. The main element of this is secured by taking your alphabet to a blacksmith and getting the "r"s hammered out flat and "au"—like.

As the bell has just rung I shall not keep you any longer. Don't rush! You can all get through the door if you take a little time.

### OUR NEW YEAR'S ISSUE

The leading feature of our New Year's number will not be the beginning of "a new and powerful serial, with a novel plot and a situation that will

baffle the reader with its seeming impossibility of solution, by a hitherto undiscovered author."

By showing extreme self-control we have refrained from publishing the usual New Year's story beginning—

Outside the snow swirled and piled up in huge heaps against the doors. Doria Doolittle gazed into the flaming fire.

"Oh! mother," said Alice, her little daughter, "you seem so sad and lonely—and *this is New Year's Eve.*"

Tears welled up in Doria's eyes. Memories crowded and rushed through her brain. Just a year ago to-night Henry, her husband, had parted from her in anger. Since that fateful evening she had heard nothing from him—no word, no letter . . . And ending—

Little Alice started up from her sleep. An awful din, the blowing of whistles and ringing of bells, was welcoming in the New Year. But who was that standing at the end of the room?

"Daddy, dear Daddy!" she shouted, "So you've come home at last?"

Doolittle, remorse eating at his heart, grabbed his angel-like little daughter to his breast and hugged her—oh, so close! And then over her curly locks he looked deep into the loving eyes of the patient woman who had waited for him.

Outside the bells still rang: "A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!"

As an additional feature we will not print the following poem:

I will sing a sweet song  
Of the New, New Year,  
Joyfully, boyfully,  
Airy and toyfully,  
Of the New Year.

Zip, zip, the bells are ringing;  
Yip, yip, the bells are singing,  
Noisily, boysily,  
Even somewhat hoarsily,  
Boom, boom  
Of the New Year.

We have, however, reserved for a climax the announcement of a feature, the publication of which will make this the most talked of college paper on the American continent, and which will, we confidently expect, prove to be an epoch in the history of journalism. We have spared no pains and trouble to obtain this contribution, which will appear in absolutely no other magazine but our own. This feature will be in two parts. The first part will be the description of a college play in which the audience was not "large and appreciative" and were not "held absorbed and stirred to real enthusiasm." There will be no mention that "the actors played their parts with professional ease" and that "the students will look forward with eager anticipation to the next production." The second part will be about a recent class function in which there will be no mention of "a tastefully decorated hall" nor of "ample justice" being done to the "delicious refreshments" nor of a "few well chosen words being given by one of the professors," nor of "all voting it the best night yet."

Get your copy early to avoid disappointment.

Ida Mc. '18.



## A TOO-REAL DRAMA

Jeff Laid de Leigh

In search of a comfortable seat to slumber in I wandered into a moving picture show where the performance is continuous from ten-thirty a.m. to a similar hour p.m., and you can stay till you leave or have to be carried out due to exhaustion.

I entered and boldly marched to a seat. The space I chose to occupy was the second from the aisle, aisle seat being occupied by a young lady. Aha! Aha! Of course she had to rise to let me in. No, it was not absolutely necessary, for I could have jumped over her, but I chose the easier method of entrance. For the courtesy on her part I said "Thank you." See! I'm polite. She smiled. By the time I got nicely squirmed into the seat, someone else came along and we (she and I) had to rise to let him in. This time I remarked, "Awful nuisance sitting near the aisle." She came across with another smile. After that nothing happened for a few minutes, so I started looking at the pictures. When a view of some German prisoners was being shuddered on the curtain she turned to me and said, "Are all those men prisoners?" Seeing that I had read something to that effect on the insert remarks, I affirmed her suspicions by saying "Yes."

Realizing that there was no necessity for looking at the show any longer, I kept up the conversation and proceeded to get the sad story of her life.

She said she worked in the office of Waite & Bond Cigar Factory.

I said "Uh-huh!"

She—"Awful nice place to work."

"Yes?" (I said that—I did all the heavy work!)

"Boss is awful easy."

"S'nice." (Me again).

"Don't have to work hard at all; boss is young fellow."

"Oh!"

"Every little while he gives me a box of cigars, but I can't use them, so I take them home to my father."

"Sorry, but I don't smoke."

"Don't you? There aren't many young men who can say that."

"———" Silence and look of Saint from me.

"Sometimes I give some of them to a young fellow who calls at the house."

"Do you?" (Brilliant remark by me).

"But I don't care much for him though."

"No?"

At this stage conversation lagged.

Finally one of the pictures brought out the subject of Ontario, and I said that I lived there.

"Oh!" she said, "I know —— in Ontario. Do you know ——?"

This awful blow caused my senses to reel, with the result that the conversation slumped again.

Then she opened up the conversation and her hand-bag. From the former she brought the information of where she lived, from the latter a box of chocolates. Courage, dear reader, courage! She apologized for the chocolates and then invited me to help myself. I took about a dozen and told here they were lovely. There is nothing like help—a poor young girl in distress—and helping yourself as well.

Then she reminded herself of the fact that her mother was expecting her home early and wouldn't

know where she was. (Old stuff). Sometime later she said she would really have to be going. Fifteen minutes later she said she must leave. (Heartrending, isn't it?) After another ten minutes she got up a few inches and then sank back into her seat. Finally she collected her personal belongings, including the empty chocolate box, and rose. After a few indecisive moments she said, "Goodbye! I'm awfully pleased to have met you," lingered some more and then left.

From then on I enjoyed the show in peace.

## UNADULTERATED NONSENSE

There are some men whose whimsical ideas and images have given delight not only to past generations but to the present, and there is every sign that their nonsense will give delight to many generations. Let me take two examples of this type of genius: Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear. The first of these was the creator of that classic of nonsense, "Alice in Wonderland," and yet how strange it is to think that Alice was a mere incident—an accident really—in a life which might easily have lost itself in a morass of mathematics and theology. His mathematics, upon which he prided himself, will be forgotten; his theology, which doubtless meant much to him, is not remembered; but Jabberwocky, the Mad Hatter, the Duchess, the Mock Turtle and Gryphon, and all their jolly fellows, will prance merrily down the ages cutting happy capers for happy children and happier adults, until the crack o' doom.

But the most remarkable of all nonsense artists is Edward Lear. He has raised nonsense, nonsense pure and simple, nonsense free of all sense, morals and prettiness, to the heights of great art. His most masterly work lies in that series of ballads which for whimsical fancy and deliberate abandonment of all reason stands matchless and supreme, the very negation of the rationale of things. One of the finest is "The Pelican Chorus."

"Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee!

We think no birds so happy as we!

Plumpskin, Plushkin, Pelican jill!

We think so then, and we thought so still!"

Look, too, at his exquisite and immortal "Pobble Who Has No Toes."

"The Pobble who has no toes

Had once as many as we;

When they said 'Some day you may lose them all,'

He replied, 'Fish fiddle de-dee!'

And his aunt Jofiska made him drink

Lavender water tinged with ink,

For she said 'The world in general knows

There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!'"

There is an exalted futility about these poems suggestive of things as final and as certain as any imaginable. One cannot explain them, they baffle and elude and yet convince.

Nonsense may be the striving of consciousness towards newer ways of expressing life; it may be the proof of man's unwritten belief that what can be proved is not worth proving; but this much is certain, that by showing us the absurdity of things, it helps to keep us usefully sane. H.J.

# THE MANITOBAN

Published once monthly during the College Year by the Students of the Faculties of Arts, Medicine, Engineering, Theology, Pharmacy and Law.

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DECEMBER, 1915



## EDITORIAL



A short time ago we took a day off and wrote a thick wad of editorials. Whenever it is time to get out another issue of our little *As Such* journal, we take these thick editorials, shuffle them well, deal, draw, and heave the discards into the throbbing press. Ergo! *The Manitoban* appears, and from the dizzy heights of the quarter-deck the Editor looks down and smiles.



"Into the wicker, one and all," sang the poet, and rolled his eyes. How true these words.

Probably the greatest unexplored field of thought lies in the study of waste-paper. An intelligent scrutiny of the wicker-baskets of this city would well repay the student of human nature, and many a tale would be eloquently told in pathetic fragments. Oh these calloused janitors! These dull-souled landladies! Will they never awaken to the rays of rural sunshine, the rustling of the poplar and the spirit of the misty morn that gather in the discarded letter of the home-sick boy? Will they never see the grim humor of the itemized account, the corrected exercise, or the abortive poem? Will they never feel the caressing touch of the Freshette as she writes home for money?

Yes, there is indeed food for thought in the devouring wicker. In fact, most of our contributions become food for thought. Nevertheless, you ought to see our wicker.\* No one can study its contents without asking the question: "Why do students write poetry? Is it because they cannot write prose?" Alas, it would seem that way, for rarely do we receive a piece of prose. Occasionally an essay, which a sleepy examiner has marked "A-plus," is tossed into our letter-box, but usually the literary seedling sends us a poem. We read it carefully and conclude that the bright youth who had five ideas and wanted to see four

\* Strictly speaking, ours is not a "wicker," being made of tin. To call it "wicker" is an example of the freedom of the press.

of them in print, will have to give an account of the buried talent.

Many of the poems which we receive cannot be printed, not on account of their obvious lack of merit, but on account of their healthy virility. They are so realistic that they become unreal. One contributor (who cannot dance) calls down the wrath of Heaven upon the one-step, in ten tedious verses. Another condemns "King-Rum" with all his heart, and with all his adjectives. A third bares his fangs to Dagon, and in vile language proclaims the dawn of a better day. A fourth, whose poetic license becomes poetic licentiousness, denounces any two things that will rhyme. We dare not prostitute our paper by quoting extracts.

But there is another type of verse which we receive, and on reading it we know right away that the author wanted to write a poem. In fact, that he had made up his mind to write a poem long before knowing what to write about, and he will write about ten stanzas. He has chosen a difficult and unusual metre, in order to be original and to show that he can handle it. And he handles it with originality. The first two lines of each stanza contain the exposition, and the other lines the rhyme. Say, if you will, that the first three lines are dedicated to the idea; then the other three are devoted to the task of making "tag on" rhyme with "waggon," as one of our contributing songsters did the other day in a delightful bit of poetic junk. His theme was that "each sweet lay is bought with the pain and travail of the poet." If that is the case, dear Poetaster, your day of suffering has not arrived.

Still, among these verses, where making rhyme and metre meet is the chief theme, we find poems which escape the wicker. They are the Nature poems of the early Swiss school, and are written by girls. How I love to hear the rippling brook, the rustle of the leaves in the morning wind, the tinkling of the distant cow-bell, and the voice of the cuckoo as it clocks the hour of twenty after eight; how I love to see the dusky clouds, the gloomy forest, the dense underbrush, the nice sunset, and the just-too-lovely-for-anything meadows; how I love it all, it all, it all! And the Editor, carried away by the spirit of it, wipes away the tear-drop that steals down the petulant cheek, and warbles in harmony:

"Oh little blade of grass so free,  
Its banner waving wild and free,  
I wonder if in time to come  
'Twill be a great big onion.  
We plant the hairy cocoa-nut,  
With hope serene and sturdy, but  
We cannot tell, they rise and fall,  
And into the wicker, one and all."



Probably the most pernicious of all student activities is the debate. True, the art of speaking in public is worth a great deal, but *Debating* it could be acquired without the demoralizing debate; demoralizing because to support a resolution which is contrary to one's own convictions is grossly immoral. No one will deny that in every debate, arguments are advanced of whose validity the supporter is no more convinced than the supportee, while the audiences who enjoy watching these gambols on a barren



field, remain unconverted. Whistler used to say: "I'm not arguing, I'm telling you;" and when we consider that every person who knows what he is talking about unconsciously assumes the same attitude, we do not wonder that the successful debater is usually an insincere thinker and a brilliant sophist.

## DRINKING HEMLOCK WITH THE EDITOR

### OFFICIAL

*The Manitoban* seizes this opportunity to thank Professor Osborne and the Committee on Student Publications for the office which has been placed at the disposal of the staff. The office is located on the second floor at 'Toba, beside the Convocation Hall. Here, between the dim religious light of the Chapel and the hour of four o'clock, may be found the staff, poring over the exchanges, and wrestling with great problems, or, like the Editor, sleeping the sweet sleep of a little child.

### A WORD OF REPROOF

*Editor of The Manitoban:*

While on my way to the haberdasher, I dropped into a bookstall and purchased a copy of your admirable journal. I notice, however, that in your editorials you called upon my Shade, and I resent it. It is customary to call upon people's Shades only after they are dead. In future, do not call upon my Shade until I have passed away; as yet I am not only alive, but also, yours truly,

*George Bernard Shaw.*

(Somewhere in London).

Is that so, Bernard, is that so? And here we were thinking the whole time that you were the deadest person we had ever read.

In order to stimulate an interest in lyric poetry, we have penned the following verses with a trembling hand:

### TO A DESERTED FARM

How changed and bleak the meadows lie,  
And overgrown with hay,  
The fields of oats and barley, where  
The binder twined its way.

With doors ajar, the cottage stands  
In silence on the hill,  
No welcome bark, no thudding hoofs,  
And the voice of the pig is still.

### OPUS 30, No. 3

When the shadows slowly lengthen,  
And the day is growing wan,  
And the tarnished sun is sinking  
'Neath the broad Saskatchewan,  
Futile seems the day's endeavor,  
Weary hours, and passing slow,  
And the mists of the Hereafter  
Meet the mists of long ago.  
And I light my pipe and listen  
To the little voices say:  
"Salt away the hours of gladness,  
Salt away, salt away."

You never know how much you know until you get a chance to show it off.

*Dear Editor:*

*The Manitoban* smells like tobacco. Why does it do this? You may cancel my subscription.

Respectfully,

*Marjorie S., '19.*

It is due, Marjorie, to the genuine Havanah-colored wrapper we are using this season. We had intended to use a pink wrapper so that it would smell like carnations, but the staff wouldn't stand for it. In any case, Marjorie, you oughtn't to be so finicky.

We had hoped that the arbitrary distinction between town and gown had disappeared, and that the pedantry of the medieval University had given way to common, or horse-sense. But up bobs a local institution of learning, and enforces the old rule in regard to wearing gowns. Quite transcendental, isn't it, this idea of wearing a livery to lend an atmosphere of dignity and learning which would otherwise be lacking?

Our appeal for negative criticism has not been in vain. Look what somebody sent us.

*To the Editor:*

The cleanliness which is next to Godliness is far to seek at Manitoba College. "He that hath clean hands" cannot long keep them so, for the apparel of the worshippers at Learning's Shrine does not sufficiently remove the dust accumulating on the seats and desks. At times, especially when classes are practised in "writing on the wall," one cannot help feeling that the correct attire for Manitoba would be a set of overalls and gloves, at any rate as long as soap and towels are among the things found wanting. True, a nail brush is a dangerous missile, but still it can on occasion be made to serve its other purpose. Why, moreover, is it assumed that the only thirst a student may have is the thirst for knowledge? Sincerely,

S.

It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us. The following is taken from *The Israelite Press*, of November 12th:

"Manitoba is a very backward institution, and has still to realize most of the purposes of a University. The personal bond between teacher and pupil is largely non-existent, except, perhaps, for the "theologs" in their separate colleges. The opportunity for the formation of friendships between students, which is one of the great features of real University life is, at Manitoba, very difficult. The various faculties meet at separate centres, and students in the same faculty, but of different years, and of the same year, but taking different courses, have their lectures at different places, so that for the most part intercourse between the students is restricted to a nod of recognition on the street with no time to stop and talk. Manitoba trains its students in one-sidedness, and this joined to the narrowness of the atmosphere in the various colleges, mostly theological, is a harmful influence on the young man equipping himself for life's career."—*Translated by our Translating Department.*

*The Manitoban* wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Also a foolish April Fool.

## THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY FACULTY

### MISS MAUD A. BISSETT

To Miss Maude A. Bissett belongs the honor of being the first lady to be appointed to the teaching staff of the University of Manitoba. The appointment the University was wise to make



MISS MAUD A. BISSETT

if for no other reason (others to be mentioned later) than that ladies are in ever-increasing numbers entering our classes.

Miss Bissett belongs to that small but courageous company whose careers combat the assertion that the study of Greek is meant for the theological student only. An assertion so absurd hardly deserves mention, and we note in passing the presence each year of students—many of them ladies—who regret that in their High School days their feet were directed away from the path that leads to Homer and to Plato. As an undergraduate Miss Bissett had a distinguished course. She enrolled in Manitoba College and in her Third Year won the second scholarship in Classics, but in her Final Year she outdistanced all competitors and captured the senior medal. Miss Bissett graduated in 1909, the year in which the Travelling Scholarship was offered for competition in Classics. She was a candidate for this honor, which she captured without difficulty. The scholarship Miss Bissett used in order to prosecute her classical studies in the Graduate School of the University of Chicago. Remaining there for two years she returned in 1911 to accept a position as lecturer in Classics in Wesley College. Leave of absence was granted for the winter 1914-15, and Miss Bissett returned to Chicago, so that now she

has completed her work for the Ph. D. degree with the exception of the thesis; and this, too, is well under way.

When Miss Bissett was chosen to fill the position of Lecturer in Classics in the University she was the choice from a large number of candidates. But her qualifications were well known. She had done all her teaching and much of her work as a student in Winnipeg, and it was consequently on no hearsay recommendation that the appointment was based. But in addition to the testimony of those who were acquainted with her work here she brought with her the warmest recommendations of the professors under whom she was pursuing her graduate studies. Combined with accurate scholarship and teaching power of a high quality, Miss Bissett possesses that faculty indispensable to the instructor, the power of seeing things from the student viewpoint. Already she is entering into the student life and making her influence felt in our University activities. *The Manitoban* extends its warm congratulations not only to Miss Bissett but also to the University, which it hopes may enjoy Miss Bissett's services for many years to come.

### D. L. DURKIN

The new lecturer in the Department of English is Mr. D. L. Durkin, who graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1908. Mr. Durkin's record at College was a brilliant one. He took special courses in English and Philosophy, and won the scholarship in the third year, and the medal in the fourth year.

He brings to his work in the University a valuable experience with College life in its varied phases. Immediately after graduating, he accepted an appointment as Y.M.C.A. Secretary, for one year on the Pacific Coast. After a short experience as a High School Principal at Carman, he was called to the Principalship of the Academic Department of Brandon College, where he remained five years. His teaching included the English of the Academic Department, and the first two years of the college course. His work at Brandon both as teacher and as organizer of student life was most successful.

The English Department of the University is most fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Durkin, especially because of his peculiar interest in English, that of the constructive or practical side, especially in the Modern Drama, the Novel, the Essay, the Short Story and Journalism. He therefore assumes control of the rhetoric or composition side of the English course, with enthusiasm. This gives an essential balance and poise to the English Department, and greatly strengthens it. The other members of the Department have now a greater opportunity to devote time and energy to their particular fields: Dr. Crawford to the Drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and to the great nineteenth century literature; Mr. Perry to the English Language, and especially to Old and Middle English.

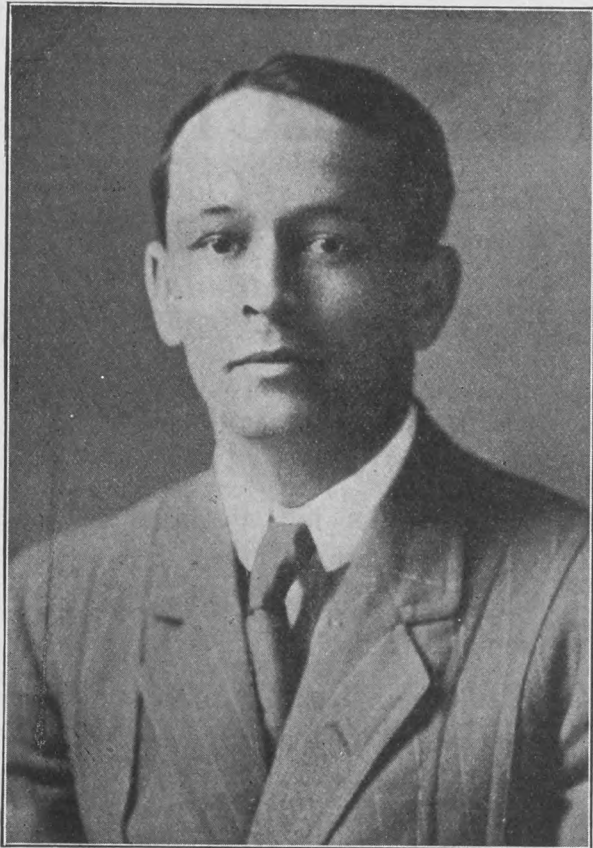
Mr. Durkin has done considerable writing of the journalistic type, his articles appearing in the



various magazines of Canada and the United States. The English Department has been greatly strengthened by his appointment, and looks forward to greater expansion.

#### JUSTIN S. DeLURY

The University has been happy in its selection of the recently appointed lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy, who is a man of wide experience, both in the classroom and in the field. Mr. DeLury is a product of the schools and provincial University of Ontario. He graduated from Toronto University in 1905, having elected the Honors course in Chemistry and Mineralogy. That was in the earliest days of Cobalt, and, as did many of his fellow students in Geology, Mr. DeLury prospected during the summer of 1905 over a district which is now the premier silver camp of the world. He returned to Toronto University as an assistant in the department of Mineralogy, and continued his investigations on the occurrence of the mineral cobaltite. In 1906 he was again in the silver district, as an assistant to the Ontario Bureau of Mines. He mapped the country near the Montreal River, and his report on the area west of Bay Lake and the Montreal river appears in the Bureau of Mines publications for 1907. In the autumn of 1906 he was appointed Instructor in Geology in the University of Idaho, and from 1907 till 1911 he had full charge of the department, with the rank of assistant professor. The summer vacations were spent among the great mining camps



JUSTIN S. DeLURY

of the State, and a study was made of the metallic deposits, and more particularly of the lead-silver-gold association of ores. In the University, in addition to the work of organising the Geology department, and conducting all the classes, Mr.

DeLury gave courses in assaying for the Mining department.

In 1911 Mr. DeLury severed his connection with the University of Idaho in order to take up ranching in the western Albertan foothills. His departure was much regretted by the regents of the University, who placed on record, in very cordial terms, their appreciation of the services he had rendered to the institution. In his new occupation, Mr. DeLury had time and opportunity to make extended geological observations; and a recent paper in the Canadian Mining Journal on the structure of the Western plains in its relation to the occurrence of oil reservoirs, indicates that his spare time was utilised to good purpose.

In welcoming Mr. DeLury to its ranks, our University is doing a service in bringing him back to geological work. At a time when, in our opinion, it is especially important that certain departments of University work should serve the province in a wider sphere than the classroom, the department of Geology and Mineralogy is particularly fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. DeLury.

#### CHARLES MULLER, B.A., B.S., B.D.

*(Lecturer on the French Language and Literature)*

The French Department of the University has this year made an acquisition of the first consequence in the person of Mr. Charles E. Muller. Mr. Muller comes to us directly from the University of Minnesota, where a year's work put him in touch with the requirements of instruction on this continent. Mr. Muller represents the best quality of French nationality and culture, while his Swiss extraction and his extended residences in Italy and in Russia, and his travels in Egypt, Palestine and India give him the distinction of a cosmopolitan outlook. His training has included the work of the French schools in Amiens, his birthplace, supplemented by special studies in Mathematics, the Sciences, Semitics, Archeology, Art and Theology at the Universities of Lausanne, Geneva, and Heidelberg. His French is admirably pure, and he has practical command of a large number of languages, including Italian, Russian and Hebrew. He is one of the expert translators and secretaries of the Interparliamentary Union, and his experience in this capacity has given him an unusual grasp of international relations. Mr. Muller enjoys the acquaintance of a large number of European University men and savants generally, which will be of great value to the French Department in particular and to the University as a whole. He is an accomplished and elegant speaker, and Winnipeg audiences have already keenly enjoyed his addresses on "Les Origines du Génie Français," "Internationalism," and "The Revival of French Patriotism." Mr. Muller has the tactful sense of literature, and is characterized by deep spiritual insight; he represents an unusually ripe scholarship; and the University is to be warmly congratulated on his acquisition.

Senior (after dance)—"Do you approve of the new dancing?"

She—"No, it's a mere hugging set to music."

Senior—"What is there about it that you don't approve?"

She—"The music."—*Exchange.*



### FOOTBALL

The football season has been and gone, and when the smoke of battle cleared away it was found that the fleet Agricultural team had made it a double order, carrying off the championship for the second time. The unusually fast work of a well-balanced forward line, backed by the consistent play of a steady defence, gave promise of the result early in the season, and their title was never in any danger.

'Varsity 1—St. John's 1

St. John's journeyed to Manitoba grounds and there played 'Varsity to a one to one draw. Both teams worked hard, and brilliant rushes were stopped at each end by more brilliant goal-keeping.

Agricultural 2—'Varsity 0

Out at Agricultural grounds, amid wet rain overhead and wet snow under-foot, 'Varsity went down to defeat, before the sturdy farmers. The men worked hard, in the wretched footing, but the game was slow and ragged, brightened now and then by spectacular saves in the 'Varsity goal.

Agricultural 4—'Varsity 1

The return game was played on Manitoba grounds and the visitors again proved their superiority. And though the blue and white had a share of the game they lacked either luck or finish.

'Varsity 1—Medicals 0

'Varsity sprung a surprise on the sly pill-mixers by beating them by a 1 to 0 score on the Manitoba grounds. The future M.D.'s worked hard to pull up, but air-tight defence work rendered all attempts fruitless (and lonesomely empty of result).

'Varsity 1—Wesley 0

'Varsity wrung a drop of comfort from the barren rocks of hard luck by defeating Wesley on the 'Toba grounds. The old time rivals were each out to win. The fiery Methodists played hard and well, but their opponents, still stinging under their defeat at the hands of Agriculture, would not be denied. Every man surpassed himself, and the win was no fluke. This set Wesley pretty well back in her bid for the Championship.

St. John 0—'Varsity 0

At St. John's ground 'Varsity and St. John played to a second tie, neither team being able to score.

### Juniors

In the junior series, 'Varsity went along splendidly, overcoming all opponents, till she and

Engineers and Schools stood at a three-cornered tie. It fell to 'Varsity and Engineers to play off, when the bridge-builders-to-be won by a score of 5 to 0.

### TENNIS

'Varsity's Tennis Tournament, slowed down by the cold weather, came to an untimely end when the snow came. After many trials and tribulations it had narrowed down in the singles till Ferguson and D'Orsay were to play for the title. The doubled schedule died in early infancy—from exposure.

There is a lull in athletic activity these days owing to the proximity of Christmas "Exams," but there is some good committee work being done in arranging the hockey schedule. A committee has been appointed to investigate the possibility of arranging games with the Universities of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

This we think is a move in the right direction. Probably no phase of College activity is more influential in uniting the students than that of sport. We look forward with anticipation to a favorable report from the committee. Locally, it is intended to run a single series in intercollegiate hockey if the expected six teams enter.

The three teams leading in the first series will play a second series and the championship will then be decided by a clash of the two victorious aggregations.

There is some talk of having intercollegiate hockey games played in the evenings rather than

## THIS LECTURE

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a long Lecture, but one you  
should all attend.*

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in the afternoons as formerly. By this arrangement two games would be played in one evening. It is doubtful, however, if the attendance at games would be as satisfactory as when played at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

We are looking forward to an interesting inter-collegiate basketball series next term. There are plenty of men who are showing good form and it only requires a little organization and enthusiasm to prepare a good series. The football season was a good one although some of the teams began with almost a new line-up. The same is doubtless true of basketball players. Let this become an established branch of intercollegiate athletics.

What about a University skating night?

### PROFESSOR BOYD'S LECTURE

Professor Boyd delivered the second of the series of addresses to University students on the morning of Monday, December the 6th. It is impossible to do justice to it as it was one of the best, in fact the best lecture ever heard by students of the University. His topic was Field Ambulance Work in Flanders.

The Professor first pointed out some of the duties of the field ambulance. They were indeed varied. Beside caring for the wounded, the ambulance stitched respirators, established bathing stations for the soldiers, mended roads, fought German measles and mumps, ran the laundry and in their spare moments filled shell holes and took photographs. Since the only water to reach the firing-line was carried up at night in petrol tins, the work of the bathing stations was particularly appreciated by the weary, grimy troops.

Typhoid, the Professor explained, is the chief disease in war. Typhoid inoculation "has proved its value up to the hilt," yet strangely enough it is optional with the soldiers to take or refuse it. Typhoid "carriers," persons who had had typhoid and apparently recovered but were still producing the germs of the disease, were the greatest menace and to find these was the work of the mobile laboratories.

Perhaps the most absorbing part of the Professor's narrative was his vivid description of how early one morning a message came requesting his presence at the casualty hospital. When the Professor entered that large hospital quadrangle he had before him a scene which he can never forget. All about him, in a great room, lay men, Canadians, two hundred of them in agony, the first victims of German gas. Some sat up, purplish-blue in the face, struggling for breath, others too weak from intense pain to move, gasped where they lay, others were still, their suffering past. It was the dark hour of Hill 60. No one knew what had happened. In the uncertain light of early dawn the gas had come upon them. Their descriptions of it varied greatly. The Professor thinks several kinds of gas, bromine, chlorine and others of the halogen family, were used. This was the worst gas attack. Later the men were better prepared

In closing, the Professor exhibited lantern slides of his own photos taken in Ypres during the bombardment. Particularly wonderful is his series, showing successive stages in the destruction of the magnificent cathedral at Ypres, the graceful arches

and artistic windows in one picture lying in a heap of debris and shattered marble in the next.

The third of this series of addresses will be delivered early in January by Mr. Lennox, Professor of Geology, of the University of North Dakota.

J. N. G.

### THE UNIVERSITY SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

"Evolution" was the subject discussed at the first meeting of the recently re-organized University Scientific Society, held November 10th. Professor Buller's brief presentation of the principal evolutionary theories was followed by a most interesting discussion by the members.

At its first evening session, November 20th, Professor Boyd addressed the Society on "Medical Science and War," bringing for an hour clear vision of grim trench-warfare in Flanders.

Professor Boyd also had with him numerous interesting objects from the front, fragments of shrapnel, a gas helmet, shell cases, bits of marble from the ruins of Ypres and uniform buttons showing the corrosive action of gas.

The Scientific Society purpose holding two sessions each month, one an afternoon meeting to discuss a paper presented by some member, the other a lecture by a specialist in some scientific subject, the address being followed by a social evening. This program which the president, Mr. Lee, has outlined, will appeal to all University students interested in science.

J. N. G.

## Formal Announcement

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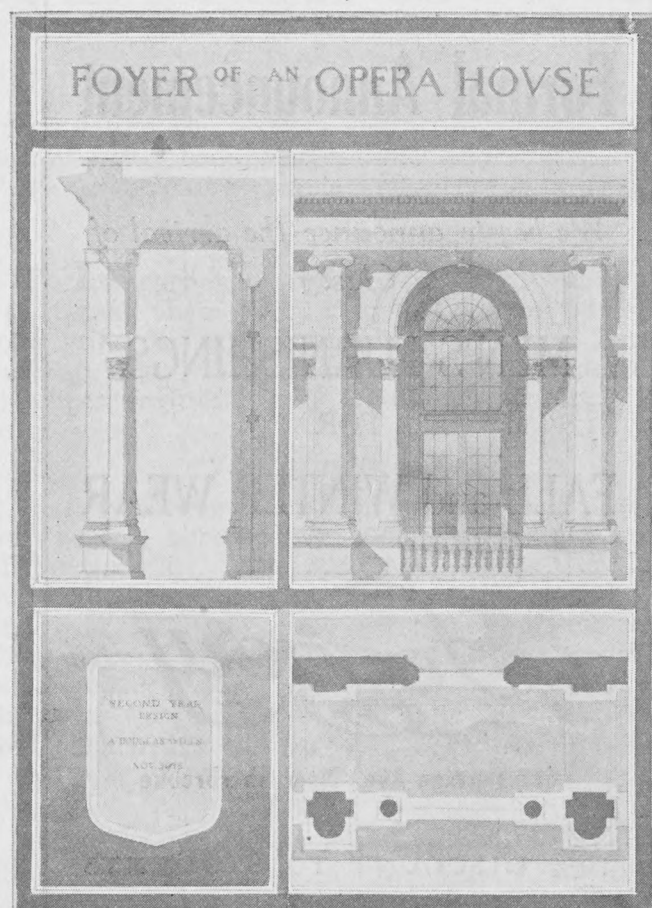
# ENGINEERING ARCHITECTURE



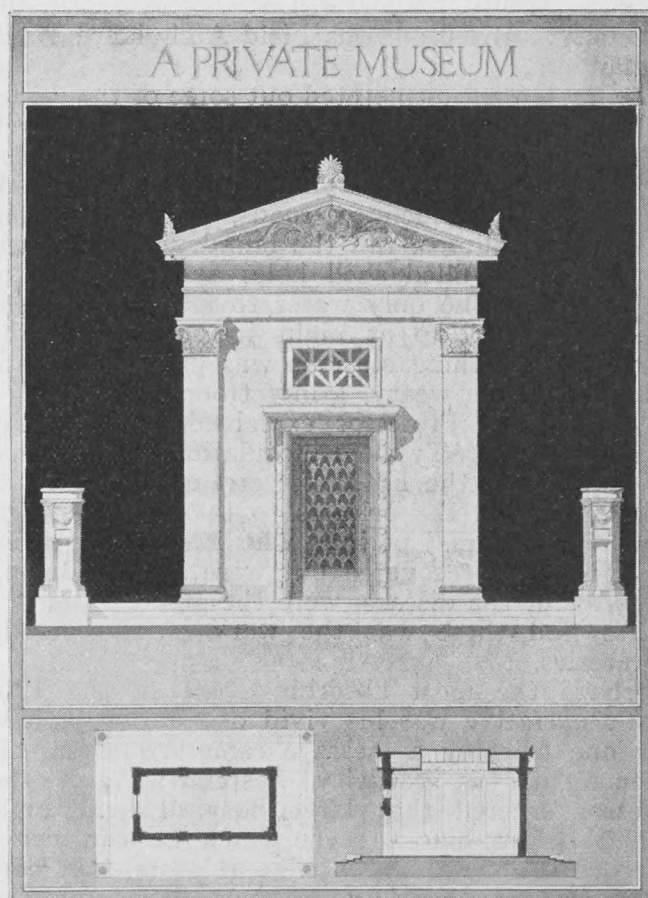
The Department of Architecture gladly embraces the opportunity thus kindly offered by *The Manhattan* to tell and show some of the things it has been doing. Owing to its isolated quarters, its activities make no stir and little impression on the University public, except when it breaks out in print, or when it specially invites its friends to climb the many steps which lead to its cheerful attic in order to see the work displayed on its walls. All are, however, welcome at all times. There is usually some display of current work on its racks, and its collection of books, prints, slides and other documents on Architecture and the allied arts is well worth inspection. A cordial invitation is given to any who desire to look at the illustrations or consult the histories, or become acquainted with the valuable material contained in its library.

The acquirement of taste and skill in design and planning is based on an abundant collection of descriptive and illustrative material: first, to fully inform the would-be architect as to historic architectural forms and their use and application; and,

secondly, to put ready to his hand a wealth of suggestive material which he will use in his first essays and gradually assimilate as his permanent mental furniture. This accounts for the broad foundation which has been laid of a collection that already does credit to the Institution. In addition to the main lines of Architecture, it has been developed and specialized in the parallel lines of Decoration, Color, Sculpture, Mural Painting,



Problem in Second Year Design  
"ONE BAY OF THE FOYER OF AN OPERA HOUSE"  
Arthur Douglas Willis



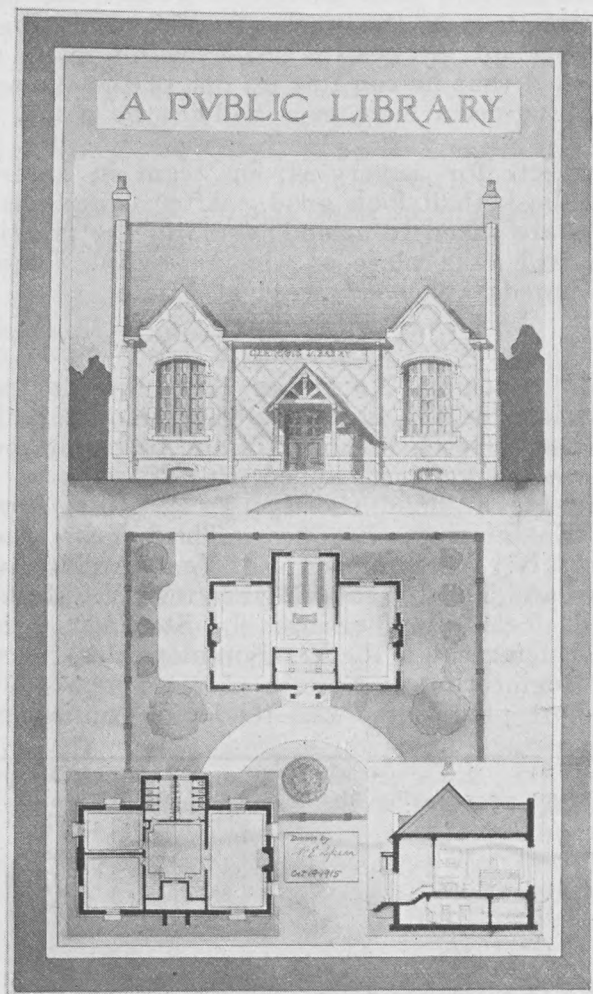
Problem in Second Year Design  
"A MUSEUM FOR FRAGMENTS OF GREEK SCULPTURE"  
Alex. S. Corrigill

Furnishing and Furniture, and Craftsmanship in many minor arts, and in the larger subjects of Landscape Architecture, Garden Design, and City Planning. It has a number of works on construction, covering Engineering and the various technical sciences and arts of building. A number of original drawings of student work have been donated to it by the School of Architecture of Columbia University, and the University of Pennsylvania School has made loans of similar drawings. From these and other schools of Architecture documents have been received of great value in shaping the course, and the results of their longer

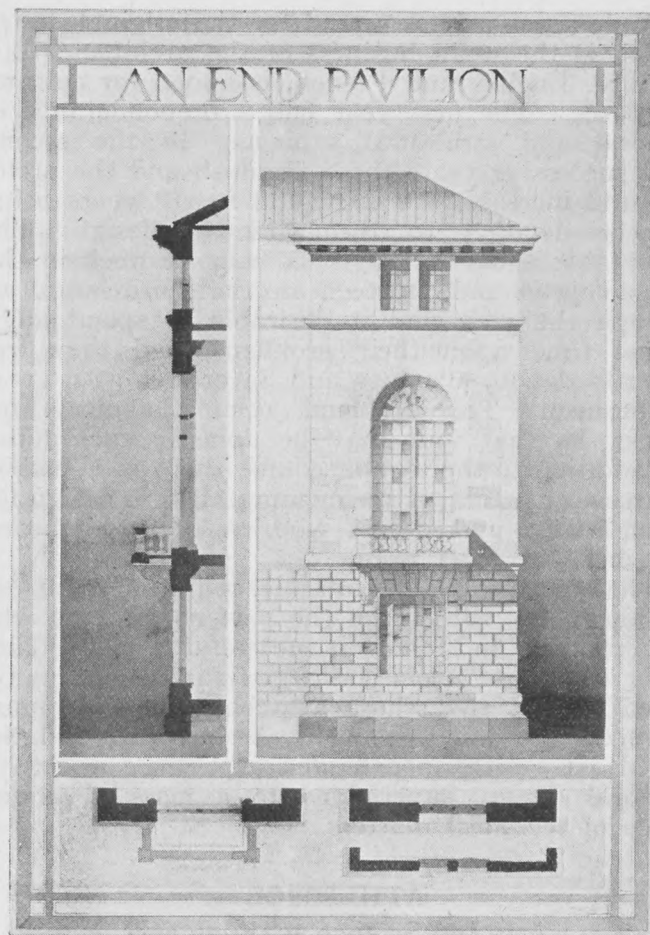


experience have also been at our disposal. It will thus be seen that the collection has been steadily increasing, and that it is now very respectable, including as it does, not only those volumes of immediate practical application, but also works of broad and scholarly interest, in which the advanced student and the professional architect would delight.

An important extension work is being carried on, and for this purpose a carefully selected body of slides is being gathered together, many of them



Problem in Third Year Design  
 "A BRANCH PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING"  
 Robert Elmer Spear



Problem in Third Year Design  
 "AN END PAVILION OF A PUBLIC BUILDING"  
 Norval W. Leslie

University Corps. The Department hangs their pictures on its walls, praises their devotion to the cause, and trusts that they may soon return to finish their course.

As so little is known generally of this course, it may not be unnecessary to say a few words about its scope and subject-matter. The function of the architect being the two-fold one of building well and beautifully, he must be equipped by his training as a constructor and an artist. On the one hand he must have a large part of the knowledge required by the Engineer, such as Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Mechanics, Graphics, Properties and Strength of Materials, Roof Truss and Reinforced Concrete Design, besides several constructive subjects specially arranged for him and given by the Engineering Staff, as Specifications, Stereotomy, Plumbing and House Drainage, Heating and Ventilation, Acoustics, Illumination, and Building Construction. On the other hand he is led through a larger range of draftsmanship than the Engineer, in being given freehand work from flat copies in line or photographs, or from models, in pencil, pen and ink, and brush work, and he is taught Shades and Shadows, and Perspective that he may readily represent and render intelligibly in various media his architectural ideas. On the side of Architecture proper, after the grounding in the classic orders, courses in the History of Architecture, covering two years, and in the History of Ornament and Decoration and the Theory of Architecture, of one year each, are given, all abundantly illustrated by books and prints and slides. These give the historical presentation of architectural development, its intellectual content, and furnish a fund of ideas and

from illustrations not generally accessible. The Department will give some thirty public lectures during the current year; in the University, in various parts of the City and Province.

The Department has made its war sacrifice. Its ranks have been depleted, and others will probably give themselves to the service later. The gaps are not easily filled. A year ago Ernest Hicks left for the front as a private with the Princess Patricia's, at the beginning of his second year. He was injured in the trenches, and is now at Shorncliffe, having received a lieutenant's commission. Robert Elmer Spear and Norval W. Leslie have just left, after half the first term of their third year. They will be attached to the Naval Flying Corps, after having completed the period of their training, during which they will serve in the air defence of London. Arthur Douglas Wills is enlisting for overseas service at the close of the first term of his second year. All the others are training in the

precedents as a background for the original design which is the main business of the architect. Literature, English and French, is added for cultural purposes. The first year has a preponderance of general and structural subjects. In the second and successive years these diminish and the architectural increase, the third and fourth years being largely devoted to the work in design. The time-table allots to design six hours a week in the second year and fourteen in the third year, although the men find it desirable to spend additional time upon their problems, and they frequently devote evenings and Saturdays with great enthusiasm. The problems occupy about three weeks, so that four may be done in each term. In addition to the regular course there is a partial course, consisting of an evening class in design for draughtsmen and others who are occupied during the day.

The course is a very full one, requiring great devotion to the subject on the part of the men who undertake it and follow it successfully to the end. This is because Architecture itself is such a many-sided subject that those who bear the title must have culture and training in Architecture and the allied arts, with an extended experience in Architectural design, superadded to a mass of knowledge of technical matters.

### ATHLETICS

#### Arts and Science vs. Engineers

History has recorded many famous struggles, victories and defeats, which stir the blood of the reader and rouse the soul to the determination to do or die in the battle of life. On the other hand, many true and well-fought battles have never been recorded, and mankind has thereby lost many a noble and heroic example.

It is our duty to add to the annals of history a struggle which ended in the defeat of the Arts and Science Junior football team.

The morning of November 20th was appointed for the fray, Wesley grounds the field of combat. All that was necessary to know was that Arts and Science and Engineers were to have a combat for supremacy in the heroic game of football. Just before 11 o'clock the combatants took their positions and the battle began. Before long it rose to fever heat, with the fans wildly cheering their respective champions on to victory. Suddenly an unusually loud and prolonged cheer announced a score—for the Engineers. The spirits of Arts and Science were dashed. Could it be possible that they were to record defeat? "No!" they cried, "Our champions may meet with reverses, but never with defeat. They will yet retrieve the fortunes of the day." Once more strained throats screamed forth words of hope and encouragement, but alas! their doom had come, for Engineers scored again, and yet again.

During the latter half of the game the Engineers met the frequent assaults of their opponents with a strong "turning movement," backed up by counter-attacks which pierced the trenches of the opponents in two more places; so that when the smoke had cleared away Engineers had five goals to their credit and Arts and Science had a goose egg.

Schools defeated Engineers by the close score of 1 to 0 on Manitoba grounds, Saturday, November

27, and took the lead in the race for the Junior Intercollegiate Football Championship. A large crowd of spectators witnessed the game, which was the best of the season. Engineers started out strong, but were unable to keep up with the fast pace and combination play of the Schools. Lack of faithful practice was very evident, and if the Engineers are to be in the running for the title, they will have to turn out and practice and not rely solely on their past attainments.

Already the hockey enthusiasts are getting busy. The Auditorium Rink has been secured for practices two days in the week, Tuesday and Friday 4 to 5. Capt. McLean is sizing up his team, and is satisfied that he can line up one of the strongest teams Engineers have ever had in the game.

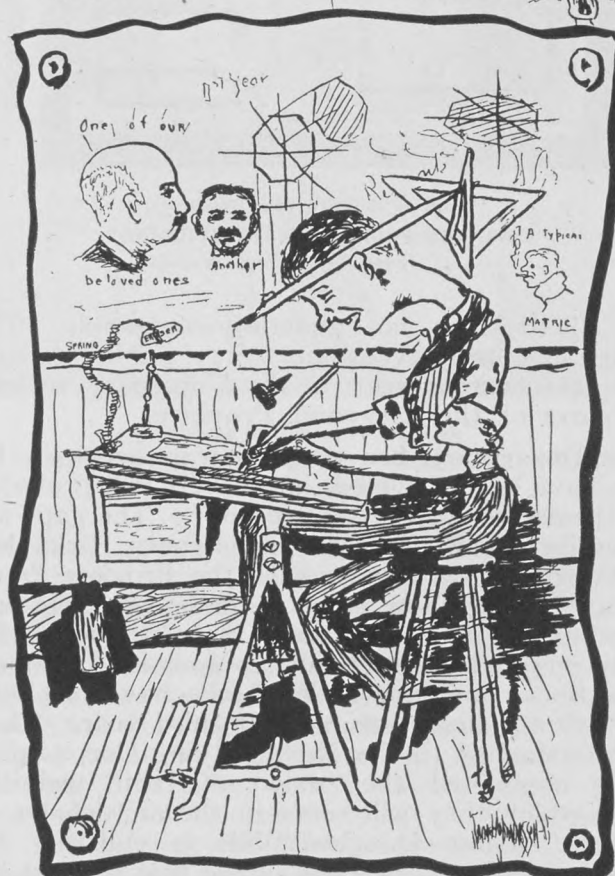
Prospects for a very strong team in Intercollegiate basketball look good. After Christmas all players are asked to attend regularly the practises, which will take place at the Y.M.C.A. Tuesday and Thursday of every week at 1 p.m.

### SOCIAL

Friday evening, November 12th, the Engineering Society held a dinner in the banquet hall of the Grange Hotel, in honor of the following members who have just joined the colors and are leaving for England shortly: J. R. Ross, Fourth Year Engineering; E. Spear, Third Year Architecture; N. W. Leslie, Third Year Architecture; E. Cowan, Third Year Engineering; V. McLean, Second Year Engineering; J. Sterling, Second Year Engineering; R. W. Summerscales, Second Year Engineering.

A short programme was rendered, consisting of

TEN secs. with the ENGINEERS



THE PLEASURES OF DRAFTING



toasts to the "Boys at the Front," and to those leaving. The grim realization of war was brought home to the boys at the thought that these men were sacrificing everything to do their bit.

Wednesday evening, November 24th, the Engineering Society held its annual Fall dance at the Fort Garry Hotel. From every point of view this dance was undoubtedly the finest given by the society for some years. The time, the place, and what rests with ourselves, was ideal.

The patronesses were Mrs. E. E. Brydone-Jack, Mrs. M. V. Sauer, Mrs. E. Bankson, Mrs. A. A. Stoughton. The committee which handled the dance so effectively was F. W. Hooper, convener; R. E. Weeks, J. A. Penrose, G. La Page, S. Corrigan and A. Oddlafson.

Mr. Noble, '19 Class, is to be congratulated on the extremely artistic design which he drew for the programmes. There were a great many remarks on its appropriateness.

The opinions of our Guests—

Law—The best Engineers' dance I have attended.—*A. Campbell.*

University Arts—It was a good dance, nice crowd, superlatives only describe it.—*W. Straith.*

Medicals—As a Medical student, I appreciated the good time I had; the crowd, and the music was great.—*F. Abbott.*

Agricultural—Although our fellows were not there in great numbers, those that were there have never attended a finer dance.—*H. Wieneke.*

University of Saskatchewan—Although a stranger, I got a reception which I won't forget for a long time.—*Lieut. Paterson.*

Our soldiers—We'll come again.

The '18 Class held a most enjoyable social evening at the home of their member, H. C. McFadyen. 500 was played till well on in the evening, when refreshments were served. The prize-winners were: Miss Jones and Mr. McLean. After this the floor was cleared and the merry crowd danced until time of closing—not reported.

Before leaving the party extended a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. McFadyen, whereupon the

—Rod Up—

### THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

1. Would Boyd and Ingimundson take in the Orpheum in surveying periods if Prof. Warren were instructor in surveying?

2. Wouldn't T.H.B. and Big B. make better theatrical reporters than Technical News Experts?

3. A motion was proposed at the last meeting of the Engineering Society that said Society should forward two rolls of stationery to the members of the '18 class now training at Ottawa. Soft pencils should also be included.

4. We wonder whether H. McFadyen intends to join the Mechanical transports or Sousa's band?

### LOCALS

Our Faculty are certainly helping the boys. Their idea of having a short fifteen-minute session every Monday morning is fine. It gives an ideal opportunity for the fellows to get together and receive all important announcements for the week. Monday, Nov. 29th, was especially interesting, when Mr. Glasco, City Light and Power, gave a

short address and concise talk on "Depreciation." As this was very condensed, a brief review will be given in the next issue.

### PERSONALS

The U.M.E. (U and Me) Café is gathering strength and momentum as it goes along. Its members now comprise over twenty-five per cent. of Engineering Students, and it's becoming more popular every day. When the '18 class start anything, they usually keep it going.

Ad.—Wanted immediately: Respirators for First Year Engineers.

Have you heard the Third Year Civils yell yet?

## Honor Roll

### Volunteers for King and Country from University of Manitoba Engineers and Architects

#### FACULTY

E. P. Fetherstonhaugh, en route to England.

#### GRADUATES AND UNDERGRADUATES

Class '11—  
R. I. Lothian, care R. Lothian, 5 Horsley Hill, South Shields, England.

Class '12—  
Sapper C. N. Mitchell, No. 596, Headquarters Canadian Discharge Office, 23-25 Earles Ave., Folkestone, Kent, England.  
R. H. O'Reilly, care R. Lothian, 5 Horsley Hill, South Shields, England.

Lieut. J. D. Ruttan, 1st Canadian Pioneer Corps (en route to England).

Lieut. A. J. Taunton, 44th Battalion, Army P.O., London, England.

Class '13—  
Sergt. H. R. Urie, 3rd Field Company, Canadian Engineers, 1st Canadian Contingent, B.E.F., London, England.

Class '14—  
Lance-Corp. W. S. Collins, No. 45023, 3rd Field Co., Canadian Engineers, B.E.F. 1st Canadian Contingent, London, England.  
R. Bellhouse.

Sapper W. H. Jones, No. 165, Brigade Signal Section, 6th Canadian Division, London.

N. L. McLeod, care W. J. Dickson, No. 2406, Div. Signal Co., C.E.T.B., R. E. Barracks, Shorncliffe, England, C.E.F.

W. H. Richardson, Brigade Signal Section, 6th Canadian Division, London.

Sergt. V. H. Tait, No. 5470, Headquarters Motors, 1st Canadian Division Headquarters, 1st Canadian Contingent, B.E.F.

Class '15—  
Sapper W. J. Dickson, No. 2406, Division Signal Co., C.E.T.B., R. E. Barracks, Shorncliffe, England, C.E.F.

C. S. Montgomery.

P. F. Seale, Division Signal Co., C.E.T.B., R.E. Barracks, Shorncliffe, England.

Lieut. J. G. Staples, Engineers' Training Depot, Ottawa, Canada.

Class '16—  
Lieut. E. D. Hicks, Officers' Mess, 11th Reserve Batt., St. Martin, Shorncliffe, England.

Corp. J. Norton, Brigade Signal Division, Headquarters, 3rd Infantry Brigade, 1st Canadian Contingent, B.E.F.

R. J. Ross (en route), Royal Naval Air Service, Chingford, N.E., England.

Lieut. F. V. Woodman, Squadron 17, Royal Air Service, London, England.

Class '17—  
K. C. Blair, honorably discharged (to sanitarium) Cooper.

E. C. Cowan, Engineer's Training Depot, Ottawa, Canada.

M. Eaton.

N.W. Leslie, Royal Naval Air Service, Chingford, N.E., England.

Driver H. Levinson, No. 181, 2nd Signal Co., 2nd Div. C.E.F., 75 Army P.O., London.

J. C. Mitchell.

Lieut. G. G. D. Murphy, 27th Battalion, 6th Canadian Infantry, London, England.

R. L. Stevenson.

R. E. Spear, Royal Naval Air Service, Chingford, N.E., England.

Bombardier F. E. Wooton.

Class '18—  
Bombardier F. J. Leathers, No. 86879, 19th Battery, 5th Brigade, C.F.A., London, England.

Sapper V. McLean, No. 3219, Canadian Engineers' Training Depot, Ottawa.

J. Sterling, Engineers' Training Depot, Ottawa.

Scout A. R. St. Louis, No. A21101, 8th Battalion, 2nd Brigade, Canadian Division, B.E.F.

Sapper R. W. Summerscales, No. 3224, Engineers' Training Depot, Lansdowne Park, Ottawa, Canada.

Class '19—  
E. Johnson, 61st Battalion.

P. Crook, 61st Battalion, Signal Section.

J. R. Ross, 34th Fort Garry Horse.

## SHELL INSPECTION AT THE MANITOBA BRIDGE AND IRON WORKS

On November 16th, 1915, a very cordial invitation was extended to the Fourth Year Engineering students at the University of Manitoba to inspect the new shell work as being carried on by the Manitoba Bridge and Iron Works at their shops on Logan Avenue West, in Winnipeg. The students met at the offices of the company, and were personally conducted through the shell shop by Mr. Deacon, the president of the company, who very carefully explained each detail of construction from the time the bars of steel were received, until the shell was finally assembled as far as the facilities of the shop were able to carry it. Some 23 different operations were necessary to complete the shell in its initial stage. A few of them were as follows: The cutting of the bars into their proper lengths, the boring of these lengths, the reaming of the interior to its proper depth to give it a finished appearance. At this point the shell was tested for its proper inside dimensions. Two gauges were used, the difference between them being .001 inches. The larger gauge was too large to enter the bore while the smaller was just large enough, or small enough, to be able to settle slowly to the bottom. The nose of the shell was then roughly finished. Then the top inside of the shell was threaded to allow for the time cap being firmly fastened on. At this point the shell was placed in a lathe and finished for final dimensions with a small cutter. A small hole was then bored in the nose at a short distance down from the end. This was to allow the cap to be fastened on more firmly and to hold the time fuse. A small piece was bored out of the inside for a depth of one-eighth of an inch to allow the cap to be set in the nose. The outside of the shell was now tested for its proper size. Two rings differing by .001 inches were used. The one was too small while the other was just large enough. A piece was next cut out on the circumference of the shell and it was then taken to another machine where two spiral grooves were cut in this place. This was to allow the copper band to be forced on by an hydraulic press. The press consisted of six cylinders and was capable of exerting a pressure of 1,500 pounds per square inch or a total pressure of 270,000 pounds. This copper band was then finished to its final shape. When a gun is fired, the gas pressure on the bottom of the shell is very great, so great, in fact, is it that the steel in the shell must be absolutely gas proof. To make sure of this a piece the size of the inside bore is taken out of the bottom of the shell. The walls were then threaded and a plug of steel was screwed in with its grain in the opposite direction to that of the shell itself. This is done so accurately that when the bottom was polished the join could not be seen. The shells were then filled with a special varnish so as to coat every bit of the interior. The inner part of the shell is filled with a very high explosive gas under pressure and the varnish coating is to prevent any acids in this gas from eating the steel and so weakening the shell. The varnish is then poured out and the shell placed in an oven and baked for hours. This hardens the varnish and is the final finishing touch to the inside. The shells were then weighed, painted

and packed in boxes. The shells are made in batches of 201 and each batch is held by the company until the odd shell has been sent to the government and tested. If the one comes up to the standard the government wires the company that that particular lot of 200 has been accepted. On receipt of this wire, the company immediately ships that lot to the powder company which holds the filling contract. At this plant the shells are loaded, the fuse and cap being also fitted into place and the whole reshipped to the Imperial Government for service in the field.

This finished the inspection trip and the students returned to the University with feelings of deep appreciation of the kindness of Mr. Deacon in giving them an opportunity of witnessing the manufacture of shells for war purposes.

*D. E. McPherson.*

## THE FABLE OF THE MAN WHO SENT HIS SON EAST TO BE EDUCATED

Once upon a time, when Winnipeg looked like a tank town on the C.N. and the only people doing business was Hudson's Bay, the hotel-keeper, and Jimmy Ashdown, a guy pulled into the burg with the idea of drawing in the coins, and the way he magnetized those jitneys made a movie star look like the Swiss navy.

Pretty soon he moved over on the Crescent, and began to think of sending his son to College. Wifie must have Wilfred go to Princevale, "it had the name you know." And the more old Jinglecoins turned it over in his think-tank, the more he thought Prof. Brydone-Jack's place was O.K. for the poor gink who couldn't afford any better, but Wilfred was to be an A1 engineer, and hence our hero departs with a draft in his jeans from papa and instructions to write every week from mama.

Wilfred finds College life pretty swell. All jump around to help him, especially the shop-keepers. He goes out to football practise, sticks around with the fellows from the swell clubs, and is some sport. The only worry his upper portion has is the low level of the coin, and Mr. Registrar is a little excited over his dues. So papa sends another cheque and tells him to uphold the good name of the family.

Time skips around and Wilfred is making some hit. He obeys his mama's instructions to the letter. Sometimes the letter is pretty small, but it usually has a pithy little request. A joyful extra comes that Wilfie is now a member of the Pi Delta Que frat, and needs a little more dough. Mama croons: "Isn't that wonderful! That's just the fraternity that Charlie Chaplin and Henry Ford belong to!"

Each night our hero beats it to the Twilight Theatre, where Lottie, the College favorite, shows a little of herself while the movie operator switches the films. Lottie is some kid. After the show Wilfred takes her to cabarets and joy-riding, making papa rave like a Mexican bull when the bills come in; until he wires "Ask the Kaiser for a job collecting ransoms. Everything's mortgaged and mama is taking in washing."

Bye and bye, Wilfred writes, "Lottie and I are married. Forgive us." Whereupon mama advises "Join the army. Papa is very warlike."

*Moral*—The "name" your College has depends on yourself.





## THE COLLEGE GIRL

### University Red Cross Association

Our University Red Cross Association is now in full swing. Both the University Faculty Wives' Association and the undergraduate women students of St. John's and 'Varsity Colleges compose us and our executive consists of nine representative members, with Mrs. W. F. Osborne as an exceedingly capable and energetic President.

When the project of a Red Cross Association was first broached some of us had our doubts as to the ultimate success of such an endeavor amid the busy round of student activities. Happily our doubts in this regard have all been dispelled by the enthusiasm with which the girls have entered into the work. We can't shoulder arms and be heroes; we can't indulge in drill and be remunerated to the extent of ten per cent. of our class marks, but we can ply the needle in the interests of wounded soldiers, and we are doing it with a will. There has been a record attendance at every one of our meetings; sixty-five is the maximum attendance, and we have never gone below the fifty mark. The first day we were initiated into the mysteries of folding "wipes," and so proficient did we become that the supervisors were unable to keep pace with us in examining the finished products. By the way, we are exceedingly fortunate in having three trained nurses—Mrs. Canon Murray, Mrs. Bletcher and Mrs. Dr. Montgomery—to supervise our work. Next meeting we tried our novice hand on bed socks and property bags, and with success. We have continued along these lines in the following meetings, introducing at each successive meeting new features of Red Cross work.

In the matter of finances we count ourselves lucky. President McLean set the ball rolling with a donation of \$15.00; we have received generous collections at the various meetings, and the sale of name cards too produced a fair sum. But the high-water mark was achieved at Mrs. Swale Vincent's recital in our behalf, when we realized in the neighborhood of \$70. All the members join in an expression of sincere gratitude to Mrs. Vincent at the splendid service she has rendered us.

So we feel ourselves well launched on a worthy enterprise. We hope, and indeed we are confident that the enthusiasm will not diminish, and we intend that in every respect our University of Manitoba Association will measure up to the standard set by sister Universities in Red Cross organization.

### Graduates Give Tea to Undergraduates

Invitations to a vocational tea were heartily responded to by the Senior girls who recalled pleasant memories of the teas given last year—and by the 3rd year girls, who, having reached the

dignity of Juniors, are privileged to attend such functions. The hostess of the afternoon was Mrs. Claude Isbister. After justice had been done to the dainty tea in true "College Girl" fashion, Miss Kate Lane, General City Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, was introduced by Miss E. Moore, President of University Women's Club.

Miss Lain then gave a most interesting and comprehensive talk on the duties and qualifications necessary for filling adequately any of the several positions of Secretary in the Y.W.C.A. Especially humorous was her vivid characterization of an "Ideal" Secretary.

These teas, as given by the University Women's Club, are two-fold in purpose—first, they give undergraduates opportunity of becoming acquainted with graduates; second, the talks from time to time upon the many possible avocations for graduates have frequently helped girls to decide what line of work they will follow when the four years of happy college life are ended.

### Y.W.C.A. Reception

The Y.W. Reception to the Freshettes was held on Monday, Oct. 25. It was, if anything, more than usually marked by such an eagerness to entertain on the part of the welcomers, and such a willingness to be entertained on the part of the fair Freshettes, that none could help enjoying it.

The large drawing-room at the Y.W.C.A. was well filled with representatives of all the years and

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ATE NOTHING  
BETTER FOR CHRISTMAS  
THAN A FANCY BOX OF**

**Princess**

**"HER  
MAJESTY'S"**

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The Gift of Quality without Extravagance.

No matter what you pay you are  
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of the Grads, as well as of the Faculty. The guessing contest at the start made nearly everybody acquainted with everybody else, and caused much merriment at the expense of the daring guessers. Addresses of welcome, which also dealt with Y.W.C.A. work in the colleges, were given by Mrs. Billings, Miss Kate Greenbank and Miss Thexton. A dainty song from Miss Horner, followed by an address from Miss Mackay, concluded the programme, and refreshments found the spirit of good comradeship everywhere prevailing.

### Student Conference

The long expected Student Conference, in connection with the Student Volunteer movement, was held in Manitoba Convocation Hall from November 12 to 14. The meetings were attended throughout by interested audiences, eager to receive the inspiring messages of the various speakers.

At each of the meetings on Friday and Saturday Dr. Chas. Patterson preceded the several speakers with a very helpful address on "Discipleship."

The Conference opened on Friday evening with Professor Durkin in the Chair. After Dr. Patterson's address, Dr. Armstrong gave a striking lecture on the "Present World Situation."

At the second meeting of the Conference on Saturday at 9.45 a.m., the Reverend G. E. Simmons spoke on China. His picture of conditions there was very real and interesting. He was followed by the Reverend Frank Russel, who spoke very strongly on the great need of India. The need of the East for the West was emphasized by the aid which the East could give the West, in ideals, if in nothing else. A short discussion by the students closed the meeting.

On Saturday afternoon the discussion was entirely in the control of the students. Miss Skillen of Brandon College, Miss Rodgers from Wesley College, Mr. Tompkins, and Mr. E. N. Smith were the speakers and spoke well indeed.

The subject for the 7.30 meeting was the Medical Needs of the Moslem World. The frightful con-

ditions due to the lack of knowledge of medicine were very ably put before us by Canon Gould.

A short session on Sunday morning at 9.45 was addressed by Mr. C. H. Clarke, on getting the Will of God. This can be done only by constant prayer and general culture. In the afternoon the various topics were: "A Challenge to Full Line Service Now," by Mr. Carruthers.

"A Challenge for Fitness of Service," by Mr. Straith; and "A Challenge to Prayer," from Mr. E. Cunningham.

All the colleges were well represented by delegates, and unfailing numbers of students, attracted by these remarkably fine addresses, attended throughout the Conference.

### DR. WINFIELD SCOTT HALL

Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, the renowned medical teacher, writer and lecturer on human development and social progress, will be in Winnipeg from January 8th to 11th, on a lecture tour through Western Canada. He will address a meeting of Men Students on Sunday, January 9th, at 11 a.m., in the Vaughan Street Y.M.C.A. Dr. Hall has gained a reputation throughout Canada and the United States by the masterful and helpful manner in which he presents the subject "Sex Hygiene" to both men and women. Some of our students will remember his talk to 800 men students when he was in our city three years ago.

Dr. Hall will also address the women students of the city. Announcement of this will appear at a later date.

Y.M.C.A.

Old Lady Customer—"Do you guarantee these nightgowns?"

Shy Young Clerk—"They can't be worn out, madame."

'17—"Yesterday, I was stung something awful down at the soda fountain."

'18—"What did they slip over on you?"

'17—"I ordered a 'Salome Sundae' and they gave me a dish of plain ice cream without a thing on it!"





## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

In view of the present financially run-down condition of this country, *The Manitoban* is publishing a series of economical menus, in the hope that they may be of assistance to students who are boarding out. The various dishes are selected with regard for the number of calories of heat per cubic foot, as well as for the price. Thus the greatest economy is effected.

## Breakfast

Corn Flakes.....	5 cents
“ “ (with water).....	10 “
“ “ (with milk).....	15 “
“ “ (with cream).....	20 “
“ “ (with real cream).....	25 “
“ “ (with Crisco).....	30 “
Bran Mush.....	15 “
“ “ (cooked).....	25 “
Wheat (puffed or shredded).....	10 “
“ (No. 1 Northern).....	10 “
“ (No. 1 May delivery).....	Market price
Puffed Rice (Shot from guns).....	10 cents
“ (Shot from 32 Cal. Automatic).....	15 “
Ham and Egg.....	35 “
Ham and Eggs.....	70 “
Eggs (boiled or stewed).....	60 “
Roast Beef <i>au jus-juris</i> (n).....	90 “
Oysters (stewed in cream).....	35 “
“ (stewed in beer).....	15 “
“ (in hunting case, raw).....	95 “
Grape Fruit (half).....	15 “
“ “ (other half).....	20 “
Pie (apple or crab-apple).....	2½ cents per degree
Coco-Cola.....	5 cents
“ (with cherry).....	10 “
“ (with gold fish).....	15 “
Tea, Coffee, Postum (with or without).....	5 “

Customers are requested not to touch the waitress.

Not responsible for hats, coats, overcoats, umbrellas, collars, ties, boots, parcels, or physical injuries.

Pearl G., '18.

## UNIVERSITY DEBATING UNION

At a meeting held in Manitoba College, at which representatives from 'Varsity, Wesley, Law School and the Agricultural College were present, the following officers for the current term were elected:

Hon. President—President J. B. Reynold, Agricultural.

President—W. W. MacPherson, B.A., 'Toba.

Vice-President—Miss McMurray, '17, Wesley.

Secretary-Treasurer—J. W. Stott, '16, 'Varsity.

'St. John's, on account of the multiplicity of college activities will be unable to participate in the work of the Union this year.

The following schedule of Inter-Collegiate debates was drawn up.

M.A.C. vs. 'Toba, Jan. 14.

Law vs. Wesley, Jan. 21.

'Varsity vs. M.A.C., Jan. 28.

'Toba vs. Law, Feb. 4.

Wesley vs. 'Varsity, Feb. 11.

The International Debate, University of North Dakota vs. University of Manitoba, is to be held on Friday, Feb. 25th, at Grand Forks, N.D.

A challenge, which has since been accepted, was

issued to Brandon College for a home and away debate, date suggested being Feb. 18.

The officers of the Union hope that the students will take note of the above dates and, by giving their loyal support, make this a banner year in Inter-Collegiate Debating.

J.W.S., '16.

## UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The University Dramatic Society will shortly hold a general meeting of the Society to choose a play for presentation in the coming term and also to elect members for the vacancies which are still on the executive. A notice as to the exact date of this meeting will be posted in all the colleges. Look for it.

The choosing of the cast will take place at Manitoba College, probably on the last night of the examinations. A large cast will be required and every student who is interested is urged to attend.

Ragged Haggard—You had a mighty close call in dat lodgin' house fire, didn't you.

Seldum Fed—Bet yer neck! Dem firemen squirt-ed water widin two feet o' me!

Ex.

"I sent you a joke about ten days ago. I have heard nothing respecting its safe receipt, and should be glad to hear whether you have seen it." The Editor's reply was as follows:—"Your joke arrived safely, but up to the present we have not seen it."

—Exchange.

Dr. Wilson wishes that the University would get him a little auto to help him in his perambulations. We would suggest a bicycle as being more suited to the "hard times."



## THE MAN IN THE WHEATFIELD

By G. W.

It was mid-afternoon on an August day—one of those perfect golden days of the Canadian wheatlands. The sunlight was strong but tempered by a puffy little breeze, which propelled light, fleecy clouds across the bright blue sky and rippled the standing grain into a flowing sea of gold.

The country was slightly rolling, and just here there was a very noticeable depression, with a little creek in its bottom. Along the edges of this creek cattle were grazing or lying at the edge of the water. All round the faint whirr of binders was in the air. An automobile, fit emblem of the Western spirit, buzzed along a road parallel with the creek, across a wooden bridge, and up the long slope on the farther side. Its burnished fittings caught the rays of sunlight and flashed like heliographs signalling. Near the top of the slope it stopped long enough for a parcel to be carried across to a fence post and a greeting to be shouted to a man adjusting the canvas on his binder. Then it sped on.

Otto Weisbrott looked up from his work. He was a rather heavy man, just into the middle age. He wore the rough boots, wrinkled gray socks, blue denim overalls and flannel shirt of the Western farmer. An old green felt hat, with holes cut in it for ventilation, was pushed back on a large head crowned with a mass of dark hair. From out bushy eyebrows and a curling, spade-shaped beard, shone intelligent gray eyes and perfect white teeth.

All round him stood, in serried ranks of sheaves and waving mass, the princely stake on which he had set his small fortune in the previous Spring. Flocks of whirring prairie chickens and clouds of blackbirds settled and rose again, settled and rose again, here and there, around the field.

Well satisfied with the yield was the man. He looked over the gladdening stretch of grain and the well-fed cattle in the creek bottom with the pride of conscious ownership. His gaze lingered on the modest barn and trim house just showing from out their surrounding grove of poplar and ash; and his eyes were alight with enthusiasm. This crop, gold to the dealers, and dear existence to many a starving family across the Atlantic, meant much to him. This crop paid almost the last of his debts and was to provide many comforts for the little home. And Henreich! Had not his teacher given a glowing account of the boy's ability and predicted for him a career, like his great-uncle, the Herr Doktor in Munich?

He noticed that the supply of twine in the holder had run low, so he walked over to a stook near the fence, at the base of which lay a jute bag of twine. Reaching into the stook, he drew out a stone jar of oatmeal and water. He removed the corn-cob stopper and drank deeply of the grateful mixture. Then, replacing the stopper, he spat against the stook, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand put the jar further into the stook to shelter it from the westering sun. Then, as he stooped again to take some twine, his attention was arrested by the sight of his mail left on the fence.

On top of the usual circulars and papers was a plain white envelope with his name typewritten upon it.

He opened the letter.

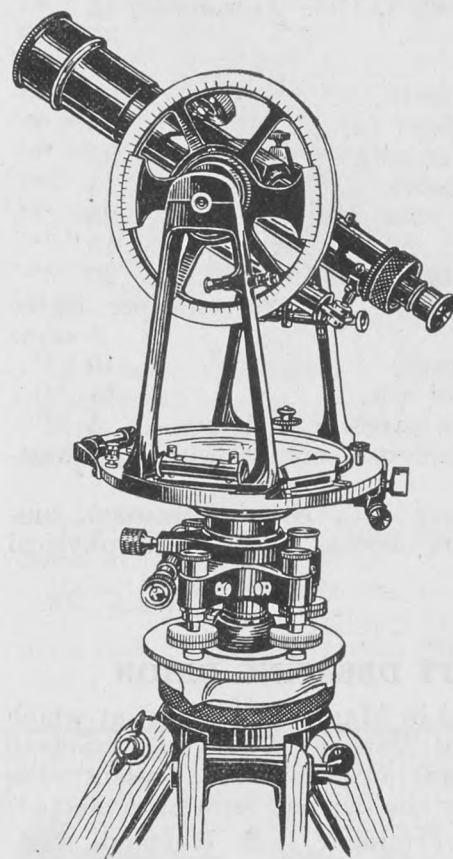
It contained an appeal from the German Consul to return and fight for his Fatherland.

The light died from his eyes. His brow darkened. Crushing the paper in his rough hand, tanned to the color of mahogany by the sun and wind, he looked out over his farm again.

But ten years ago he had left Germany to seek new fortune in the Canadian West. His lot had not been enviable in his homeland. On coming to man's estate he had given three of the best years of his life in vigorous and thankless service to his country. After that he had kept shop in his native village for several years, but there was no future for him there. His future was here. Why should he leave it?

Then stirrings of the war spirit thrilled through him, for was he not of the children of Odin? But he remembered the endless drill, the goose-step, and the domineering officers—and Odin slept again.

Such then were the conflicting thoughts and emotions in the mind of Otto Weisbrott as he returned to his binder, replenished his supply of twine, eased the collars of his sweating horses, and started again around his wheatfield that golden August afternoon.



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# CAMPUS NOTES

## 'VARSITY NOTES

The Poor Leadership of 'Varsity (Arts)  
To the Editor:

At one of the recent class functions a certain gentleman, in addressing the class, remarked that the leadership of 'Varsity was poor, and in the wrong hands. In view of the fact that this was uttered at a place and a function where the student leaders were not present and not able to defend themselves, the majority of the students consider this an unguarded and unprecedented attack. Whether it was to ingratiate himself with the class, or for some other ulterior motive, it is well-nigh impossible to say. However, one thing is certain, that the class members who were present practically all are of the opinion that the speaker showed a lack of discretion.

Primarily the leadership of our student body is in the hands of the cabinet. As a member of the cabinet I admit that we may not all be ideal leaders. The cabinet is elected on democratic principles, by the whole of the student body. In general they try to choose the most capable amongst themselves. These members usually direct the affairs as much as possible according to the wishes of the electors. With the latter, then, rests primarily the way in which matters are conducted, and not with any private individual whose ideals are puritanical or cynical, such as may have been gathered in a "little red country school house," with which he seems to be so familiar. If we were students of a girls' academy, or of a theological seminary, our leaders would be such as would conduct affairs as befits institutions of that kind. But since we are plain ordinary students, the leaders we choose have also the fortune or the misfortune, as the case may be, to have the same ideals and aims.

The dissatisfaction, however, was probably not directed so much at this body as at the two most prominent leaders, who have the honor of being at the pinnacle of the leadership, namely the Lady Stick and the Senior Representative. If it was levelled at the former, it was indeed a most ungentlemanly thing to do. The integrity and the capabilities of our Lady Stick, everyone will admit, are entirely beyond question and reproach. It would, in fact, be a slur on the judgment of the lady members of our student body who no doubt felt they elected the right lady in the right place.

If, however, it was against the Senior Representative, Mr. Straith, there is of course some ground for his accusation. The present Senior Stick was elected exclusively by the '16 Class. As a member of this class I frankly admit that it is not a model. From the beginning it has been shifted and shuffled about, at the whims of boards and faculties, so that perhaps we have been unable to develop into, say, an edifying graduating class, or to win the favor of our various faculties. This was very aptly put by a student the other day when he considered our relations to

our Faculty (with very few exceptions) to be quite passive. He further remarked that "in fact the only time that we are really aware that some of the members really do exist outside of classes is that they are on the Discipline Committee." As a class, we have always borne the brunt of some of their more or less autocratic measures. In the session of 1913-14 the majority of those expelled were from our class. Even this year three of our most prominent members have felt their authority. Therefore, being elected by this type of a class, there may undoubtedly be some excuse for mistakes, which have not been brought explicitly before us. However, the class in electing Mr. Straith, were confident that he was the most capable amongst us to lead the Student Body this year, and we are, I think, justified in being satisfied with his efforts to do his utmost for the Student Body and to bring about a closer relationship and cordiality with the Faculty, the lack of which has hitherto been much due to our own faults and deficiencies.

I may not have touched upon the real cause for this gentleman's dissatisfaction with the present leadership of the Arts Department of the University, yet this must always be the case, if grievances are not uttered publicly, where the leaders are present or through this medium. I am quite convinced that the leaders of 'Varsity will readily remedy any deficiencies that any person may see, so long as the fault finding is well-founded and unprejudiced. In the meantime it would be well for every 'Varsity student to continue as formerly, heartily and loyally to support the leaders of 'Varsity, notwithstanding any private or personal attacks, which might bring about disunion amongst the classes, whereas our aim should be to work unitedly in order to strengthen our position as the largest undenominational Arts Student Body in the Province.

J.P., '16.

## Initiation a la Faculty

On Friday, November 2nd, occurred one of the most important social events of the season, when the Freshmen were "At Home" to their Senior brethren. At the beginning of the evening they did not intend to be "At Home" to anyone, but the unbidden guests made their appearance.

The Freshies had made elaborate preparations for a class party—they had bought ice cream, peanuts and Mellen's Food. They were just beginning to overcome their awkwardness when, with the confidence born of superiority, about 40 of the aforesaid "higher ups" greeted the assembled company. With an eye to "Safety-first" the "Big Gunn" of the parade instructed a few of his men to creep softly down the corridor to (as Prof. Osborne would say) "corral the eats."

Mr. Maybank, spokesman for the intruders, complimented the Freshies on their almost human deportment, and outlined for them a plan of how to entertain their guests. His first decree was that the Freshies remove their "neck paraphernalia" (c.f. Webster). This was to enable them to be distinguished from the real people. The chairman called upon the orators and singers of the '18 Class to show their talent to perfection. Some of the speeches were remarkable for their eloquence and for their profound wisdom, but most of them were not remarkable for anything



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at all. Weldon, Holland and Hillman were patiently listened to, by all except a certain Freshman named Bergstrom, who loudly insisted on his right of speech. He was finally called on to address the audience on prohibition. The stump-orator gave extreme views on the subject, however, not in keeping with the sane opinions of his audience, who were finally obliged to use the useful instrument of a "hook."

When luncheon was served the Freshies were segregated into one corner of the room, in order that they might not be in the way. The happy visitors enjoyed the company of the charmanes Freshettes and vowed eternal devotion to the girls of the '19 year.

The following Monday the above mentioned booty in the shape of useful men's "furniture" were returned to their rightful owners, with this one exception, that Kennedy reserved the privilege of picking the loudest tie.

*Judex V.V., '18.*

(Sadly mutilated by the censor.)

#### General

The following, who are now serving overseas, will be remembered by 'Varsity students at Christmas: Lieut. P. G. DuVal, Lieut. M. K. DuVal, Lieut. R. Flenley, Lieut. George Creighton, Lieut. V. E. Schweitzer, Lieut. F. E. Gane, Pte. A. W. Hogg, Lieut. D. J. Allen. First Year leads in contributions. S. S. McIntyre and John Popp have been appointed to purchase the hampers.

Show your colors! Wear both the University colors and the Yale blue and

white to show that you belong to the Arts section. If you have none, buy them from your class representative. By so doing you will not only help to advertise 'Varsity, but you will be helping our Red Cross Society financially.

The boys of 'Varsity have decided to do their "bit" in connection with aiding the Red Cross Society which the ladies of 'Varsity organized at the beginning of the term. The Cabinet appointed a committee to look into the matter. The convener of this committee, Mr. John Popp, gave his report at the last sessions of Cabinet and Parliament. On the resignation of Mr. Popp, a new committee was appointed as follows: Messrs. McIntyre (convener), Gunn and Hinch, Miss Beath and Miss Horner. The gentlemen have decided to join in and co-operate with the ladies in this work. It is expected that every gentleman in 'Varsity will loyally support this society with funds when the call comes.

#### Theatre Party

On the occasion of the 'Varsity theatre party at the Dominion Theatre on Friday evening, November 26th, the students were favored with a pleasing curtain speech by the leading man. Mr. Frank Camp opened with "Ladies and gentlemen and Mr. Fogel," and proceeded with a remarkable review of 'Varsity events. The following are a few of his most striking remarks:

"For the Discipline Committee, I wish to welcome T. M. Long and T. Hillhouse after their two weeks' vacation."

"Private R. Orlando Jolliffe is taking training with Jess Willard. He will certainly need the training for self-defence if he makes many more of his speeches."

"The ladies of 'Varsity are to be commended for the excellent work which they are doing in aid of the Red Cross Society."

"Dr. Baird passed some of the boys in the "Boston" last week, without recognizing them. They wonder why he is not more sociable when out at these popular grill rooms."

#### '16 'Varsity

*Some Signs of Approaching Examinations:*

1. Rhodes Smith seen at church.
2. "Clif" Moir attends drill in order to receive his 10 per cent. bonus.
3. H. Tobias sees only three shows in one week.
4. "Doug" Rosen answers a question in a Political Economy lecture.
5. H. Annis comes on time to a History lecture.
6. Bill Tobias too busy to shave.
7. "Ferg" is seen yawning in classes.
8. "Mac" Long's jitney an absent quantity on Portage Ave.
9. "Fluff" Bryers buys Mill's "Principles."

*W.T.S., '16.*

Mack's cheese-cutter, ice-cart, space-eater, organ-grinder, saw-mill, etc., etc., will still make its required 43 m.p.h. in true Henry Ford style. If you don't

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guy Fluffe. R., '18

Said Wy, as he studied MacKenzie,  
"That man had both bugs and a frenzie.  
'F I could just get a crack  
At his front or his back,  
It would just be a case of 'Amen' see!"  
—Pome by T. B. McM.

New book by Helman, '15 and Co.  
Ltd. '16 entitled, "Kids We Have  
Kidded, and Why We Have Kidded  
Them." For Freshettes only.

#### 'Varsity '17

Mr. Hinch spent last week-end at his  
parental home.

*The Political Economy Yell in the  
Making*—In Economic Theory Class.  
Fowler Allison and Oliver rehearsing  
(and in no low tone): ceteris paribus  
kizi yip; ie, eg, rip rip rip!

Prof. A. B. Clarke—"Whose whisper-  
ing here!"

The government will have to investi-  
gate! The '17 boys had an inkling of a  
plot among the girls in a history lecture,  
when one of them enquired the penalty  
for helping a prisoner of war to escape.  
Have the girls their eyes on some likely  
young German or Austrian prisoners?  
The '17 boys demand an investigation.

Prof. A. B. Clarke (lecturing)—Gold  
and Silver are the most durable forms of  
a nation's wealth.

Fowler (sighing)—It can't be so; they  
don't last long!

#### 'Varsity '18

Baldy and Mack, our College crimi-  
nals, received notification from the  
War Office that the "War Committee"  
had capitulated and that peace had been  
declared. We are glad to see their  
innocent baby faces amongst us once  
more.

Misdaubs of Sherwin-Williams and  
Mennen's (but more often Women's)  
frequently produce a weird effect.

We opine that a striped bathing suit  
would be disutility to A.B.C.—but still,  
we'd like to see him in kilts.

"The little scrap across the pond" has  
by no means left the ranks of the '18s  
untouched. The class has been sorely  
depleted in the male section at least,  
and is proud of its military record.  
John Henderson, and Vernon Robinson  
are both lieutenants under Major Mc-  
Lean in the University Company of the  
61st. Here also may be found Athol  
Gordon, and Jack Fisher of debating  
and dramatic fame. They are both  
sergeants in the Medical Section of the  
61st Battalion. Private Crossing en-  
listed in the Strathcona Horse in the  
First Contingent, and is now in the firing

line, while Duncan McDonald left for  
England last week to join the Royal  
Flying Corps. Lieut. Fred Walker has  
been notified of his appointment to the  
new 100th Battalion. We also frequently  
greet the smiling face of Pte. Joe Bloomer  
of the Strathcona Horse.

The Sophomores have evinced quite  
an interest in the C.O.T.C. Many of  
them have signified their intention of  
joining the proposed University Battalion.  
Next year will see very few of the '18  
boys back at their books, if the present  
"theatre of operations" is still "showing  
continuously."

Maybank and Norman together—"If  
her nose hadn't started to bleed, it would  
have been alright."

Norman (dramatically)—"Curses on  
these confounded athletes."

It is said that Norman and Maybank  
spent all of one afternoon trying to  
coral the chicken that took the leading  
part in their delightful sketch "Robbing  
the Hennerly."

Prof. Muller (*in French class*)—For  
next day you will translate the extract,  
"Never too late to mend," with special  
application to Miss Carey.

Miss Tannis Carson says she will be  
glad when she can have the opportunity  
of saying good-bye to some more soldier  
boys. It isn't that she is glad to see  
them go; she would have just as much  
pleasure welcoming them home, i.e.,  
if they came singly.

In German Class (*messenger from down-  
stairs, in a whisper to Prof. Baker*)—  
Your wife wants to speak to you on  
the 'phone.

Mr. Baker—Who did you say? My  
wife? Why, er, tell the lady to leave  
her number. I wonder who it is?

Ross—How did you come to be late  
for the show, Kennedy?

Kennedy—Same old story. She said  
she'd be down in a minute.

H.R.M.

Just before going to press, it has been  
brought to our attention by a member  
of the Sophomore Class that W. M.  
Ross, the popular president of the '18  
Class, has joined the ranks with the  
above members of his year. The loss  
of the sterling qualities of his leadership  
will be greatly felt this year, not only  
by his class but by 'Varsity as a whole.  
In "Bill" the Senior members have  
always been able to discern that he  
possessed the energy and character for  
taking a most prominent part in the  
leadership of the Student Body, when  
the '18 Class reach their graduating  
year.

J.P., Asst. Editor.

#### '19 Class Notes

##### "Two in One"

On Friday evening, November 12th,  
the '19 Class held their class party in  
the Sherbrooke Street Building. The  
affair was exceptionally well planned  
by the President and his colleagues, and  
when festivities commenced at 8.30 pros-  
pects were bright for a very enjoyable  
time. Introductions and games occupied  
the attention of the company for the  
first part of the evening; then the  
Sophomores and other upper classmen

who suddenly appeared on the scene  
kindly offered to take charge of the pro-  
gramme. Several of the First Year  
students, at the request of the Sopho-  
mores, rendered musical numbers, while  
speeches on popular topics were also  
given. Mr. Bergstrom, a forceful speak-  
er, addressed the company on "Prohi-  
bition," but apparently his sentiments  
along this line were distasteful to the  
management. In some later remarks he  
declared he had been rather hasty. A  
duet composed of Messrs. Mutch-  
Weldon and Welfley, delighted the audi-  
ence with a snappy vocal number. Re-  
freshments were afterwards served, al-  
though some of the Freshmen are al-  
leged to have admitted feeling hungry  
after the repast was over. Mr. Straith,  
in a few well chosen words, then in-  
formed the Freshmen that their initiation  
was completed, and Mr. McDonald, the  
popular honorary president, closed the  
celebration with a short address. The  
company disbanded after the First Year  
gentlemen had been graciously informed  
that their collars and ties, which they  
had removed for greater facility in dis-  
posing of the tempting victuals, would  
be returned to them on the following  
Monday.

H. and R. make a good pair.

H. is dark but R. is slightly fair.

One day while driving down Main St.,  
Who but sweet R. should he meet.

He said to her "Honey, will you jump  
in my Ford?"

She said, "Yes dear," and climbed  
aboard.

Hugging now was at its height,  
When they ran into the lamppost,  
And out went the light.

#### UNIVERSITY

##### University Students' Council

The first meeting of the University  
Students' Council was held on Monday,  
November 15. Dr. F. Allen, the Presi-  
dent of the Council, occupied the chair.  
The appointments made were: W.  
Crouch, vice-president, and W. T.  
Straith, secretary-treasurer. Business  
which relates to the University, as a  
whole, was discussed. S. J. Helman,  
Dr. F. Allen and G. H. Jackson were  
appointed as a committee to inquire  
into the matter of the publication of a  
University song book. W. Crouch was  
instructed to call a meeting of those  
interested in a University orchestra or  
Glee Club, to discuss these matters.

A meeting of the Council will be held  
on the first Monday of each month.

#### MEDICAL NOTES

Christmas Greetings!

Have you subscribed for *The Mani-  
toban* yet? If not, please don't carry  
away this copy. It belongs to your  
neighbor, who may wish to read it.

Medical followers of the Terpsichorean  
Art enjoyed themselves to the full on  
Friday, November 19, when a dance was  
held in the spacious Students' Lounge  
Room, which was artistically decorated

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with pennants, College colors and trophies. The orchestra, under the able leadership of Mr. G. Leith, rendered lively foxtrots and dreamy waltzes in a manner which delighted all present. Altogether the event proved most successful, and it is probable that similar dances will be held monthly hereafter.

Examiner (in Practical History Class) — "What would you call these?"

Ganton—"Empty spaces filled with fat."

The best wishes of the students go with Mr. J. Dolmage, who recently enlisted with the Fort Garry Horse.

Doctor—"What is the Medulla Spinalis?"

Freshman—"Oh—er—its a rod of gristle running up the back bone. Your head sits on one end—and—you sit on the other."

In a recent handball tournament, the Second Year team demonstrated that "Practice makes perfect" by defeating the Third Year by 60 points and the Fourth Year by 62 points.

Dr. John Brown, B.A., graduate of Manitoba College, and later graduate of Manitoba Medical College (1896), occupied with the R.A.M.C. at the Dardanelles, was reported shot through the lung, but is recovering.

### Initiation

On Saturday, November 20, the Medical Freshmen enjoyed that never-to-be-forgotten thrill which accompanies the time-honored ceremony of initiation into Medicine.

Promptly at the hour appointed, the Freshies were ushered, one by one, into the Chamber of Terrors, where amidst strange faces, a most rigid examination of their physical and mental condition was made by experts.

This past, events crowded one upon another so rapidly as to leave the minds of the "subjects" wholly bewildered. To tear away the veil of mystery which overhangs these happenings would, we feel, be cruel, so we refrain from narrating details. Suffice it to say, that in their swift and sudden glidings along strange paths; in their struggle against overwhelming odds; in their battle with the elements, and in the awful journey past the troubled waters, the Freshmen manifested such fortitude, courage and good humor that they were declared by all present to be fit and proper persons to be admitted to the secrets and privileges of the fraternity.

After taking upon themselves the solemn vows they were then welcomed by the "Dignitaries" as full-fledged Medicals.

### Professor Vincent's At Home

On the evening of November 29th, Professor Vincent and his assistants were "at home" in the physiological department of the University to the members of the Senior Physiologists Class.

This annual event has always been one of the most enjoyable evenings of the

College year, and this occasion was no exception.

A splendid programme was rendered, during which Prof. Boyd officiated as Chairman. Mrs. Vincent rendered two solos in her usual captivating and accomplished manner. Prof. Vincent and Mr. Norris-Elye showed marked ability in the ease and grace with which they performed at the piano. Dr. Armes, in his original songs, proved himself to be a pastmaster of ingenuity and humor. Recitations by Mr. McNulty and Mr. Welsh, a piano duet by Messrs. Luth and McLaughlin, and the selections given by the Medical College Orchestra added much to the evening's enjoyment.

Much thanks are due to Professor Vincent and his assistants and we are sure the sentiments of the entire senior physiological class are that this evening will always be an outstanding link in the chain of pleasant memories of college days.

No Annual College Dinner will be held this year.

Doctor—"McNulty, you'll have to cut out this wine, women and song business. It's killing you."

Pat—"All right, Doc. I'll never sing again."

Students (en masse)—"Amen!"

### Quinine Cocktails

First Invalid—"What's the matter with you?"

Second Invalid—"Ague. What's your trouble?"

First—"Same thing."

Second—"Good. Let's shake for the drinks."

At a well attended Association meeting on Friday, December 3rd, Dr. R. D. Fletcher gave a splendid address on the subject, "Ills, Pills and Bills." Dr. Fletcher has a manner all his own, and to use his own expression, was "there like a duck." Mr. George Best sang two selections in fine voice and Mr. M. C. Fizzell rendered a couple of excellent trombone solos. Through the kindness of Mr. Colclough, of the "Medical Book Shop," the students enjoyed some very excellent "smokes" during the evening.

### MANITOBA COLLEGE

#### Theological Notes

Sid Studd has now answered the call to arms and is in training at the old Agricultural grounds. Sid has had some experience in artillery work and it was quite natural for him to link up with the 37th. We miss his merry laugh along the corridors and the satisfaction of seeing him grin (on pie day).

Josh Hamill has also joined the 37th. His Irish nature would not allow him to wait until Spring and we trust that the same spirit shown by his forefathers at the famous fight for freedom, 1690, will again be exhibited by Josh.

We wish them every success in their noble work and a speedy return to old "Toba."

The hour chosen for the football game between Theology and Second Year was rather unusual—11 o'clock (by moonlight). Latin books, cribs, Bibles and general helps were cast aside and all entered into the game with heart and sole. McDonald, the dashing centre forward, scored for Second Year in first 5 minutes of game, followed soon by one from Mihaychuk H. Ferguson

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(Theolog) by pressing hard scored in the last two minutes bringing to a close a most exciting game. Second year, 2 goals; Theologs, 1 goal.

Refreshments were afterwards served in Room 27.

### Things We'd Like to Know

Why is W.L.R. found at the C.P.R. station on Saturday mornings?

Where does T.B. go on Saturday night?

Why does Jimmie S. hang 'round the mail box on Tuesday mornings?

### ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE NOTES

St. Catharine's feast, Sept. 25th, proved to be the most important event of the month. The very air furnished a sweet delicious odor. Mouths watered, and the boys whispered to one another, "Taffy." It was the philosophers' day: These learned individuals decided to give us inferior mortals a treat. First the College orchestra was hired for a reasonable stipend. Then by the united efforts of the philosophers the big lantern was rudely dragged out of its old resting place amidst various stuffed animals and toy-like machines, into an unusual crowd of spectators. The distribution of field-day prizes came next. Individual champions were: Among the Seniors, W. Deschenes and Jos. Mueller, 11 points each; among the Intermediates, G. Deschines, 14 points; Juniors, M. Goulet, 13 points. The class championship was won by "Belles Lettres." The little French comedy turned out a boisterous success. Nothing but ear-splitting applause could be heard from beginning to end. Short speeches were delivered by Rev. Fr. Rector and Doc. Doison. Father Rector encouraged the losers in the field-day sports, while the amiable Doctor congratulated those receiving prizes. Father Bleau deserves our very sincerest thanks for his able rendition of violin solos. A hearty "God Save the King," and "O Canada," accompanied by the new College orchestra, brought the entertainment to a close.

The latest in debates was one in which Messner and Gagne opposed Doison and Mueller. The subject under discussion was—"Resolved that government-owned railroads are better than private-owned." Fine speaking, supported by numerous facts and figures, was characteristic of the debate. The subject was so evenly contested that the judges were obliged to call it a draw.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mr. Allard, who accidentally broke his

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left arm and sustained other injuries of a very trying and serious nature.

Recently our new hockey team had its first try-out. The Loughlin brothers brought along a husky team and defeated us 4-6. The game was far from being one-sided; on the contrary, the second part was wholly ours, while the third went to our adversaries only after a stubborn battle. We have some promising new material and our prospects for a winning team in the inter-collegiate League seem good. Alex. Ehmann, as a cover point, is a professional in disguise; Paul La Fleche has his eye on the puck, never fear! And Jon O. Halleran has the making of a speed artist on stilts.

### La Poésie

Racine vous a plu, vous estimez Corneille,  
Tel vers est bien frappé; que de beauté,  
que d'art!

On déguste ces vers, tels les dieux le nectar;  
Vous êtes attentifs, tout yeux et tout oreille.

Emus, encouragés, par de telle merveille,  
Bûchez, peinez, suez, rouges comme un hémard,

Quel est le résultat: une rime sans art,  
Des vers doux comme un cri de lynx  
ou de corneille.

En vain le laboureur bûche sur sa bourrique,  
Je tente de rimer, en vain en Rhétorique

Cet ennuyeux sonnet, puissé-je terminer!

Pourquoi tant de plaisir d'en arriver au bout?

Je suis déjà tout pâle et de plus mon sang bout.

Assez pour aujourd'hui, et cessons de rimer.

### PHARMACY

Here comes Bill.

Bill—! ? .—\* !.

Joe (*with active service list*)—Medical Corps?

Woodward—Butcher.

Don't get peeved, Jim.

Thursday, 10.30 a.m.

Exit Joe

Acetyl-chloride, sad to say,

Acts in a most unfriendly way.

When water interferes.

There's one who knows the way it acts.

Boom, biff, bang, thunder—lots of cracks—

Then Bennett disappears.

As hydrochloric fumes are strong,

In consequence it wasn't long.

Until we all shed tears.

Prof. Bletcher—What is the gender of unciam?

Rinn—Neutral.

Prof. B.—You must be thinking of President Wilson.

How about sending that chlorine expert to the front? It's gas they need.

Dr. Davis—How do you know that the SO radicle is di-valent?

Rinn—I know it is!

Mr. Harder—Absent.

"Vacuole"—Oh, Percy!

### ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

#### Theological Notes

On Friday, November 12, after Evensong, in the College Chapel, the Rev. G. E. Simmons, M.A., Anglican Mis-

sionary in the Diocese of Honan, China, gave a beautiful address. One is brought face to face with the actual facts of missionary work when one has the opportunity of hearing a missionary direct from the foreign field. The Rev. Simmons gave us a brief survey of some of his work and also spoke of a number of the customs of the Chinese. Now is China's opportunity, and men and money are needed so that the Good News may reach those people in that heathen country.

A meeting of the Church Society was held on Tuesday, November 23, to make arrangements for St. Andrew's Day. It was decided to observe this day in the usual way. Accordingly on November 30, St. Andrew's Day was observed as a Day of Continuous Intercession. The Day began with a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7.15 a.m. The Cycle of Prayer was commenced at 8 a.m. and by each Theological Student taking half an hour intercessions, the chain of prayer to Almighty God for Foreign Missions was continued until 8 p.m. Evensong was then sung and was followed by the singing of the Te Deum.

The Theologs of St. John's College wish all readers of these notes a Very Happy Xmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

#### Notes

The last Student Body Meeting for 1915 has been held; the last meeting of the Literary Society has taken place; all in fact is ready for the close of the term's activities. Would that we were what we were when we were at the beginning of the term. A goodly number of faces are beginning to wear the hunted look of a Russian convict. Not that we fear the exams., but rather, let us say, that we fear the results.

The opening of the College rink gave a few aspiring puck chasers an opportunity for displaying their wares. From the bargains on hand one would imagine it was either a Bazaar or an auction sale. All however seemed in deadly earnest. Rivers of perspiration flowed in countless directions down agony stricken faces. Oh, it was a grand sight with the odds in favor of the Theologs.

Scrub Hockey opens at the commencement of the new year with three teams in the league captained by Messrs. Wickens, Tompkins and Knox.

If confidence counts for anything odds are about even. Two of the captains have already commenced the erection of shelves in their respective rooms on which they contemplate placing the silverware, while it is whispered that the third has held many a secret conference with the pawnbroker. However, reports may be exaggerated.

At a meeting of the Athletic executive it was decided to again secure the use of the Auditorium for hockey practices and arrangements have since been made to that effect. Although we may not be as strong as usual, yet it is felt by every man in the College that we ought at least to do our best to uphold a few of the traditions that we boast about, especially in regard to hockey. We may not have any Al. Adamsons or Ollie Turnbulls left at the College, yet we at least have a good trainer, which may help a little.

### WESLEY NOTES

"The Will," presented by the Dramatic Society on November 19, was a decided success. Congratulations are due G. H. Jackson and his assistants for the creditable way in which the playlet was staged.

At a recent meeting of the student body the parliamentary system of government which has been in force for some time was abolished. Business is now transacted by the student body meeting, presided over by the Senior Stick.

The enlistment of five First Year men during the past few days brings the total up to seven since the opening of the term. Those who have responded to the call are Streat, Leach, Petty, Tomlinson, Cavers, Thomas and Norris.

The Ladies' Red Cross organization is doing splendid work, augmented by liberal contributions from the boys. Christmas parcels and a copy of *Vox* have been sent to every Wesley boy in the trenches whose address was available.

The Oration Contest has been postponed until January 14th.

Charlie McCool, '11, and Ben Warrentin, '14, are back at Wesley again, but this time in uniform. Charlie has joined the 90th, while Ben has chosen transport work.

#### Wesley Theologs

Every now and then it is reported that more men have left College to enlist. Among the Theologs who have recently joined the colors are H. E. Cresswell and H. Norris. Others will follow shortly.

A. W. Mullett and G. E. Robins have left College to enter circuit work.

The Theological debaters met the Fourth Year Artsmen and threshed out the question: "Resolved that the United States should enter the war on the side of the Entente Allies." A. J. Warman and G. Holgate took the affirmative, and Miss Henrickson and A. I. A. Caruthers of the Arts Seniors took the negative. The debate was very close but the decision went to the negative. Professor Harvey gave a very able and helpful talk in the role of critic.

F. B. Ball, B.A., has been appointed to the Wilcox circuit by the Conference Special Committee, and has left to take up his duties. We hear that an interesting event in this connection will take place early in the new year. Congratulations are in order.

Decidedly the best meeting of the Probationers' Association held this term was the lecture given in Convocation Hall on November 15th, by Dr. Stuart L. Roussel of Paris. Pastor Roussel was visiting Canada as a delegate of the Old Huguenot Churches of France, and vividly described his experiences in Rheims during the bombardment, and also in parts of Alsace during the present war. Miss Blanche Roussel sang very sweetly some French songs. Dr. F. B. DuVal presided.

The Y.M.C.A. is to be congratulated on the interest that is being taken in Bible study in the various groups that have been arranged. Dr. T. H. Billings is conducting some exceedingly instructive and interesting classes for the group leaders.

If you can draw something beside your breath, we want to see it in *The Manitoban*.

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